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Events of the Week.

MR. MCKENNA's financial speeches are singularly far-reaching, and there is startling and also deeply disquieting matter in his analysis of the character of German reparations. In amount these mean that Germany must make up a minimum payment of 150 millions a year and a maximum sum of 400 millions. To do that she must enormously expand her export trade, which in effect she is doing. But how? On a basis of extremely industrious and very poorly paid labor, earning wages not much more than half those paid in this country. Her task, in fact, is by these means and by her organizing skill to produce goods at about 74 per cent. of the cost of production in this country.

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In other words, the form of indemnity which the Allies exact condemns Germany to maintain (if her workmen consent) a form of sweated, almost of servile, labor. That is a terrible conclusion, both for European morals and European peace. But it is a special menace for this country. Germany is our great competitor in the world-market for manufactured goods, the export of which she is now forced to stimulate to the utmost of her scientific power and of the willingness of her workmen to live like the Israelites under Pharaoh. How long this strain can last, which puts the chief burden of Germany's debt to the Allies on her workmen's backs, no one can tell. But all through the period, we shall be the main sufferers by the process that our statesmen have insisted on setting up. Mr. McKenna's remedy is clearly a partial one. He suggests that Germany, withdrawing some of her labor from manufacture, should be required to send into Allied countries things like coal, timber, potash, and sugar, which they want, but which do not compete with their manufactures. Clearly this is a limited cure. Coal we do not want, and the supply of the other articles he mentions could go but a small way to redeeming the immense tribute of the indemnity.

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In a fairly sober and very readable speech Mr. Churchill made his statement on his Middle Eastern policy on Tuesday. It was well received, for he accepted the necessity for economy as the first condition of his policy, and his scheme, if it should happen to succeed, ought to mean a big decrease of military expenditure. He began in a style which always flatters and impresses Parliaments, with the high argument from "honor."

We are in honor bound, it seems, to civilize Mesopotamia, and to make Palestine a national home for the Jews. To whom are we so bound? That is less clear. Hardly to the League of Nations. It is, anyhow, only Spenlow to our Jorkins, and we assigned the "mandates" to ourselves. Hardly to the native population. It rebelled very violently in Mesopotamia, while in Palestine it loses no chance of staging pogroms. That, it may argue, is the best way to make the Jews feel thoroughly at home. Or is the obligation of honor to the Shereef of Mecca, and his interesting if somewhat numerous sons? Certainly we promised Damascus and Syria to the Emir Feisul. The French would not have him at any price. We promise, therefore, to make Prince Feisul Emir of Baghdad, while Prince Abdullah is to be enthroned across the Jordan. The obligations seem rather mixed, for the first condition of any mandate, according to the Covenant, was to be the consent of the inhabitants. There is what Lord Haldane would call a conflict of duties.

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FOR this Mr. Churchill has his solution. The people of Mesopotamia are to choose their prince, quite freely of course, by an elected Assembly. It will meet with British battalions sitting around, and British aeroplanes cruising aloft, and Mr. Churchill tells it in advance that if it chooses Emir Feisul, we shall be satisfied. The solution is neither subtle nor novel: that is how the Germans expected the Poles to choose a King. We do not doubt that our nominee will, in these conditions, be approved. What then? Even in modern times Eastern adventurers—witness the career of Mehemet Ali in Egypt—have made stable dynasties. But this man was a genius and a soldier. He was not the nominee of a Christian power, neither was he hampered by an elected Assembly. We do not believe that Arab nationalism, in the modern sense of the word, exists outside the Syrian towns, certainly not among the very mixed but chiefly primitive peoples of Mesopotamia. If it did exist, it might not care for a British nominee as its leader. The event will show, but it is on the event that all Mr. Churchill's economies hinge.

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If the people of Mesopotamia "take to" the Emir Feisul, if they can create a docile kind of administration that will always take the advice of Sir Percy Cox, then it may be safe and cheap to trust to a native Arab army. It is to be commanded by one Jaafer Pasha, a gentleman on whose picturesque career Mr. Churchill expanded with unforced sympathy. This Arab Marlborough managed in one war to win both the Iron Cross and the Order of St. Michael and St. George. One could hardly ask for a better illustration of the risks of this gamble. What if this gentleman were minded to add the Order of the Red Flag to his other decorations? On the assumption that all goes well, however, Mr. Churchill expects to bring down his military estimates next year for the Middle East to nine or ten millions. Its cost in 1919-20 was between seventy and eighty millions. It fell in the following year to forty millions. This year Mr. Churchill hopes to reduce it from the estimated thirty-five to twenty-seven millions. We shall see. But the test will come, not this year, but next. One wants to know how the Arabs in general, and Jaafer Pasha in particular, will behave after the British and Indian troops are reduced.

LET US agree that this is as cheap a plan as can be devised, provided we mean to keep Mesopotamia. But, to our thinking, a cheap and Arab Mesopotamia presents few attractions. The attractive idea was the great but costly scheme of irrigation, of which now no one speaks. For that the Arabs suffice neither in quantity nor in quality. It implied the mass immigration of Indians, which, of course, an Arab State will not tolerate. Kurdistan, we note, is to be separated from "Irak" (Mesopotamia). Does this mean that the revenue (if any) from the oil of Mosul will not be available for constructive purposes between the rivers? Or will it all go to the concessionaires? As to Palestine, Mr. Churchill defended the policy of a slow and regulated influx of Jews, however little the Arabs may like it. The country, with hard work and electrification, certainly could carry a much larger population, and as it thrives the Arabs will gain. But they will be slow to see this argument, and meantime, by keeping out any Russian Jews tainted with Socialism, as most young Russian Jews are, the vigorous and progressive element will be excluded. The real ground for holding Palestine is, we suspect, strategic. But why, if he defends the Canal from the Mount of Olives, must Mr. Churchill insist on keeping British troops in Cairo, in spite of the ancient pledge to evacuate? This scrupulous mind is torn between too many ties of honor.

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MEANWHILE the fire of discontent which Mr. Churchill's Manchester speech has lit in Egypt spreads much faster than his effort to extinguish it in Mesopotamia is likely to do. We have received a sheaf of cabled protests from Egypt culminating in an account of a great national demonstration of 6,000 people at Cairo, under Prince Aziz Hassan's chairmanship, and consisting of ulemas, priests, lawyers, doctors, engineers, professors, notables, officials, students, workmen, traders, Bedouins, and army officers. The message indignantly affirms the civilization of the Egyptian people, and their century-long respect for European life and property; declares that the local outrages in Alexandria were provoked by the Greeks, and that the number of Egyptians killed and wounded far exceeded that of the foreigners; insists that the interest of these two classes is one but that Mr. Churchill's speech violates every British pledge, and that the Egyptian people will never negotiate on the basis of the occupation. The meeting therefore asks for a formal declaration from the Government that the Churchill speech is in no way to prejudice a free constitutional discussion with the Egyptian people. This is exactly what we anticipated. So long as Mr. George holds to the army of occupation, he has a second Ireland on his hands.

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THE Prime Minister's cynical abandonment of the whole of his early agricultural policy has raised a storm of anger and protest in the rural districts, sure to have political as well as industrial consequences. Spokesmen of the Government have always taken the ground that the rural worker could only be protected by a wages board, with legal powers to enforce its decisions, and it has never been claimed that the existence of the board depended upon the continuance of the corn prices guarantee. Yet merely to console the farmers for the loss of the subsidy next year the laborers are to be left to hold what they can of their improved standard of life by the use of—the strike! Already a cut in wages down to 40s. is demanded, and the resolve of the men to resist a re-imposition of their wretched pre-war conditions must have startled even Mr. George, who by this act ranges himself finally with the worst elements of reaction. There

is the less excuse for this inasmuch as a constructive agricultural policy is perfectly possible. It would have sought to maintain the standard of rural life by encouraging efficient cultivation, co-operation, and a serious reform in the system of marketing.

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As we write, the coal ballot suggests the possibility of a majority for the rejection of the terms. In South Wales, Lancashire, and Scotland there is clearly a strong feeling against settlement, and even if the vote does not give the two-thirds majority necessary for continuing the struggle, it is clear that a large proportion of the men will go back to work in a mood of great bitterness. Whether their temper will improve and open up a prospect of more settled conditions (assuming that the stoppage is ended) will depend largely on the financial results of the industry during the twelve months covered by the owners' terms. These are, briefly, a reduction of not more than 2s. a shift in the first month of the temporary period, and subsequent reductions to be fixed month by month until the Government grant of £10,000,000 is exhausted. At this stage the "permanent" settlement will begin, and the standard wage of 20 per cent. over the 1914 wages, together with the standard profit, to be fixed by a national joint wages board, will come into operation. Local conciliation boards are to fix a "subsistence" wage for the lowest-paid workers. If surplus profits are realized the settlement may prove satisfactory, but if the 20 per cent. standard above 1914 is not exceeded discontent will reign in every colliery district.

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A GENERAL lockout of engineering workers was postponed at the eleventh hour by the intervention of the Minister of Labor. The new negotiations ended on Tuesday evening in what the men's leaders believed to be an absolute deadlock. They had tried desperately hard to get from the employers some concession on the amount of the reductions. They offered to accept a cut of 6s. a week, which the shipbuilding employers have agreed to. Finally, they appealed for a fortnight's suspension of the lockout notices to enable them to ballot their members. The employers' committee curtly rejected all these proposals, withdrew a modified offer extending the period over which the reductions would be spread, and declared that the lockout notices would begin on Thursday. Even this Government could not support so hard and arrogant an attitude as this, and the result of Dr. Macnamara's comments on Wednesday was an agreement by the employers to postpone the notices until the end of June. The union leaders expect that the terms will be rejected. They would involve a drop in the artisan's wage to about 43 per cent. above the 1914 standard, and while some members of the unions working in shipyards would be reduced only 6s. a week, others in engineering shops in the same district would lose from 16s. to 17s. 6d.

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By large majorities both Houses of Congress have now passed resolutions declaring a state of peace between the United States and Germany. The motions, however, are not identical, so that the Senate and House have still to agree on the form of words before the President is called upon to sign. As a matter of fact, Mr. Harding is in no hurry to carry out his expressed purpose of declaring peace, since the Republicans do not yet know what the next step must be—whether, as Senator Lodge announced, the making of separate treaties, or, as Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Harding himself, would prefer, the acceptance of such fragments of the treaty as would remain after the Covenant of the League had been ripped

out. The "Times" Washington correspondent, in a dispatch possibly reflecting the mind of the State Department, says that early ratification is certain. This can mean only that, when peace is formally re-established, the Senate may be induced to permit the salving of the remains of the treaty in order that the United States may be a party to the policy of enforcement. The "Times" correspondent repeats, what we had heard from Mr. Harvey, that full co-operation with England is the backbone of the Harding Administration's policy, although he makes this contingent on the abandonment of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. To speak in this fashion, amid the multiform explosives of the hour, is to ignore realities. And in the meantime the English-speaking Union and other childlike playmates of Admiral Sims are making quite sure that the Irish extremists in America shall lack no provocation in their agitation against England.

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THE meeting between Dr. Rathenau and M. Loucheur at Wiesbaden is said to have been the first official conversation between a French and German Minister since 1871. Official accounts try to minimize its importance: nothing was discussed in these ten hours but reparations, and even here the result was somewhat negative, since M. Loucheur had to tell Dr. Rathenau that France is unalterably opposed to any employment of German labor in France, and that his valuation of the proposed standardized wooden houses which Germany is to supply is too high. Most of us could manage to say this in ten minutes. Unofficial journalists of all schools guess, hope, or fear that some sort of general *rapprochement* was discussed, beginning in the economic field. Both Ministers are also captains of industry, and the suggestion is that the bargain will begin with an agreement by which Germany will supply the French iron-works with coal. That sounds to us somewhat onesided. May not Germany ask in return for some of the super-abundant iron-ore of France?

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THE broad fact is, we take it, that Lorraine iron and Westphalian coal are complementary to each other. Given the elaborate and complete combination of each of these in both countries, and the close relation of the cartels to a few banks, any agreement must lie between the two combinations, and, given the relations of both combinations with the ruling parties in each country, inevitably becomes a national, if not official, matter. To bring about this further super-national combination is in the logic of the present industrial process. During the war, the Stinnes group hoped to achieve this end by annexing the Briey ironfield. After the war, the French ironmasters, and, in particular, M. Loucheur, tried to do it by scheming to occupy the Ruhr. Both plans failed, and to-day the idea is to go to work by peaceful negotiation. That is a vast improvement. None the less, this capitalistic diplomacy wants watching, and one would like to know how, politically, a Franco-German coal and iron alliance would affect the rest of the world. Would it mean, as a small, but clever, German school of thought desires, a "Continental" policy by these two against Great Britain?

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RIOTS have recommenced in Belfast, and the list of dead and wounded begins to rival the toll of last autumn. A long series of murders, including the murders of policemen, were carried through during the spring, culminating last Sunday night in the murder of three men by armed, uniformed men, equipped with motor-cars, who invaded their houses during the curfew hours when the streets and, in particular, motor traffic are in the control of the Crown forces. Mr. Devlin claims that these murders are the result of the immunity from justice of

certain of the earlier assassins, servants of the Crown at the date of their crimes and since. From this miserable point of departure the fighting spread. The sacred task of making the Six Counties homogeneous was taken up with local energy, and with sniping from the house-tops and from sandbag barricades the purge of Belfast is proceeding. Into this welter the King is invited by politicians who cannot escape responsibility for these savage outbreaks of an anachronistic bigotry. We have already referred to Sir James Craig's condonation of the action of the shipyards' men last autumn. Mr. Pollock, his Finance Minister, had been at pains a few days before the present explosion to pour petrol on the flames then lit. His report to the meeting of the General Assembly at Belfast last week contains a sectarian and inflammatory suggestion wholly at variance with the testimony of the outgoing Moderator and of every other clergyman who took part in the proceedings. The ex-Moderator said: "Wherever I have gone in the South and West I have heard our people state that amidst a fearful political upheaval and unpardonable atrocities, as yet there is not a trace of religious war manifesting itself."

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AFTER a temporary improvement, due to the arrival of Sir Harold Stuart, the new British member of the Plebiscite Commission, and the six British battalions, the situation in Upper Silesia has drifted from bad to worse. There is no room for illusion about what is happening. The Poles, among whom the presence of a considerable number of regular troops in mufti is strongly suspected, refuse compliance with any of the demands of the Plebiscite Commission, and are holding up Allied troop and supply trains or allowing them to pass by special favor of Korfandy. All this could be stopped by resolute action by the Allied forces, and still more easily by General Hoefer, who, in view of his military superiority, is showing considerable restraint. But resolute action against the Poles the French authorities refuse to take. The "Times" and "Morning Post" correspondents on the spot continue to supply valuable evidence as to the relations existing between the French and the Polish insurgents, while as between General Hoefer and the French commander, General Gratier, the situation is such that all communication with the commander of the German Self-Defence Corps is carried on by General Heneker. The deadlock can obviously be solved in only one of two ways. Either General Hoefer will find it impossible to control his troops longer, and an attack will be made which will clear the Poles out of most or all of the province, or the Allies must make up their mind to a policy and require their subordinates on the spot to carry it out.

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A MASS of varied evidence as to the appalling character of the gathering race war in the Southern States and the Caribbean is just now before the United States. Last week the town of Tulsa, in Oklahoma, was the scene of the fiercest conflict between Black and White known for fully a generation. It ended with the burning of the entire negro quarter and the turning loose of some 6,000 homeless people. In the old slave State of Georgia the Governor has dared to withstand the herd mind of the South and to publish a list of the horrors of peonage, recently exposed in the shape of a dozen or so corpses of negroes chained together and flung into the river. And at the same time the terrors of the color problem in its imperial aspect are revealed in a document published by the New York "Nation"—a thorough survey of the action of the United States in Haiti, carried out by three responsible delegates of the Union Patriotique d'Haiti. Their report reads worse than the story of Amritsar.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ENTENTE OF THE INTELLECTUALS.

THERE is matter for sober rejoicing in the reception of a great German thinker like Professor Einstein, by our chief exponents of metaphysical and scientific theory, by the Universities, and by serious journals of all types of our political thought. Lord Haldane, Mr. Ernest Barker, and Dr. Chalmers Mitchell have all borne their share in this greeting, which goes some way to restore the pre-war unity of culture for Europe and the civilized world. In that sense it may well become a far-looking event. The peoples of to-day resemble the quarrelsome crew of a ship suddenly struck by a typhoon. They can resume their quarrels; or they can join hands to save the vessel. It may not indeed be feasible to regain our unity on the basis of Professor Einstein's theory of relativity. It is hard doctrine, the mere mental equipment for which demands a combination of the mathematical and the metaphysical gifts such as maybe a score or so European and American brains command. The very conception of a Universe "spacially finite and closed" seems abhorrent to minds brought up on the possibly contradictory notion of the infinity of space; while the mental processes required for the application of Einstein's principle of relativity to gravitation are necessarily barred to all but a chosen few. But as Professor Barker well said, a wider congregation than this can follow together, in England and in Germany, the parallel lines of Right and Justice, whether they meet in a final synthesis or no.

The *entente* of the intellectuals has thus been happily renewed, and among its younger recruits one may assuredly enrol those Oxford undergraduates who the other night cheered to the echo General Smuts's remark that he hoped again to see a German holder of a Rhodes scholarship. Of such a movement Einstein is indeed a model pioneer. A conciliator to the end of the war, he refused to sign the fighting manifesto of his fellow professors, and publicly signified his disagreement with it. But the British public hardly realizes as yet how far, not only some distinguished Germans, but a growing strain of German thought, has travelled from the materialistic nationalism of 1914. Dr. Rathenau, the new German Minister of Reconstruction, and probably the ablest governing mind in Germany, declares in his new book that the "age of mechanization" has passed, and that German society is tending not to a Socialistic or a militaristic State, but to a time of spiritual renewal. The ideal forces will regain their power, and will aim at the transfiguration of human endeavor. The community will be poor and its life will be full of toil; but its eyes will be fixed on a coming and realizable city of the soul. In a word, religion will return to humanity in the hour when she seems to be dethroned intellectually, and to be perishing from its consciousness, or divorced from its political aims. Rathenau's new German State will, we suppose, be democratic in form, but its spiritual intent will be aristocratic—it will seek to find the "sublimation of the national thought and will." It may be objected that this sketch of the future of

organized society is rather vague, and that somehow and somewhere a nation must decide for itself whether its economic basis is to be capitalistic and profit-seeking or co-operative and humane. But at least Dr. Rathenau approaches the problem of social reconstruction with more insight and more intellectual zest than some captains of British industry, who seem to think that all will be well and the same as before if only the workmen will work harder for less money. And we imagine that he will agree that while this coming Germany cannot be absolutely equalitarian, the ideas of equality of opportunity, of the effective partnership of labor with capital, may well supply it with a moral incentive and a practical rule of life.

It is, we think, of good omen that the new call to elevation and harmony in human effort should come from the region whence, seven years ago, the worst threat to the unity of civilization seemed to proceed. Why not? It is by no means strange that Germany, with her greater loss and mental suffering, should learn the lesson of the war more quickly than any of her victors. In the old days she was, for all her "advanced" mechanism of life, if anything, an under-intellectualized State. For she made the vital mistake of supposing that she could create a kind of Teuton world. Now, as Mr. Wells argues in his "Salvaging of Civilization," the idea of the World-State, or at least of a conscious and prevailing World-Order, is a true and a fruitful one. Christians and philosophers, poets and men of science, the seer and the great man of business, inevitably, and by the laws of their faith or their culture, think in terms, not of the nation, but of humanity. But it is certain that no one brand of institutions is going to be a "best-seller" in the spiritual mart. Pre-war Germany made that mistake; and Post-war France and England may quite possibly repeat it. Here, then, it is that the scientific and the liberal spirit may yet be the savior of Europe. For this Continent of ours is not only, as Mr. Wells says, being strangled in the net of boundaries woven at Versailles. She is also being starved of her proper and accustomed rations of knowledge and feeling, as well as of food and material necessities. Like the dweller in a wild border State, she suffers from a kind of robbery under arms, in which every petty nationalism takes in turn its toll of the general right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The nations live by and for each other; and every man of ideas has long made that generalization for himself. But since the war each nation has taken to a jealous, highly exclusive culture of its own plot of ground. Who is to end that petty suicide of the purpose of man? Not, we are afraid, the politicians who made the war and the peace. With few exceptions they are parasites on humanity's weakness, rather than the creative artists of its future. But it is clear that the world has not been left bare of all direction for its path. The religious man has only got to be religious; the teacher to teach; the philosopher to philosophize; even the trader to insist on free trading with all the world, for this society of ours to become once more quite a healthy organ of the reasonable activities of man. We are all for a new and a better politics, and political

action is the end which an educational and moral effort should have in view. But we shall not by taking thought change the depraved characters or the limited intellects of the "governing class" in Europe. What we can do is to further, each for himself, the divine task of the renewal of humanity through the union of its best thought, its finest and most redemptive energies, in all nations, great or small, "conquering" or "conquered."

NO WAR WITH TURKEY!

SEVERAL newspapers, which would be justly indignant if anyone should charge them with pacifism, have been hotly engaged for two or three weeks in a commendable effort to keep our country out of the Turkish War. The chief motive is a sound regard for economy. The further appeal to the old prejudice against King Constantine is, doubtless, the easiest method of rousing their own particular public, which seldom cares for the effort of fresh thinking. It is a risky method, for if the Greeks are suspect because of their king, the Turks, by their Armenian record, are something worse. Neither belligerent has a great following of clients in this country, and if the Coalition should "stagger" and "stumble" into this war, it will not be at the promptings of sentiment.

We heartily agree to the proposition that neutrality must be observed in this struggle, but we should wish to go much further. It is not easy to obtain full or exact information about the Near East just now, but enough is known to suggest that it must be almost as miserable and impoverished as Russia. Incessant war for seven years has drained its life-blood, and trade has been interrupted over the greater part of it for most of this time. Anatolia is completely isolated, save for such dealings as it may have with its fellow-sufferer, Russia. Not to mention those who are already dead and beyond the reach of help or pity, there are many thousands of refugees scattered all over the East in camps—Turks, Greeks, Bulgarians, Albanians, Nestorians, and even Russians. The coast towns do no trade, and the inland towns must be living solely on the resources of the country. Railways are cut, and caravan routes interrupted. We do not positively know, but we should guess that there must be the same total absence of medicines and anaesthetics which marked the Russian blockade. The general plight must be one of deep poverty and distress. Yet all the energies of this people, without the aid of mechanical transport or developed industries, must be devoted to the war against the Greek invaders. The Greeks may not be suffering to the same extent, for they are not isolated, nor is the war fought on their soil. But they, too, are extensively mobilized, and the heavy fall of the drachma reveals the strain on their finances. The broad fact is that none of the peoples of the Near East has enjoyed more than brief intervals and samples of peace, since the first Balkan War of 1912. Even if we were quite easy about our own possible share in this war, the promptings of humanity would lead us to urge recourse to every device of mediation to bring it to an

end. War in the East has always its accompaniment of devastation and massacre.

Unfortunately, there is no ideal mediator at hand. The League of Nations has been as inactive in this war as it was in the Russo-Polish campaign of last year, and in any event its Council is so nearly the mere shadow of the Great Powers, that it can hardly be regarded as a separate and independent authority. The Supreme Council made an effort at the last London Conference to arrange peace. The Greeks rejected its proposals, and the Turks made reservations. But the Supreme Council is really a party to the dispute, and, indeed, the chief cause of it. The Turks are in "rebellion" against its Peace Treaty. The Greeks are fighting to enjoy territory which that Treaty assigned to them. The three chief Allies have all aggrandized themselves at Turkey's expense, and though the Turks may acquiesce in the loss of Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, they are far from accepting the general claim of the Allies to control their finances, and dispose of all concessions in their territory. Again, while the Turks are, or say they are, ready to accept the international regulation of the water-way of the Straits, the form in which the Allies have imposed it is not a genuine international control, but a slightly disguised control by the chief victors.

It is obvious that in this masterpiece of economic and strategic Imperialism, the Allies overreached themselves. France and Italy were the first to understand the need for moderation. But even now France and Italy retain their monopolistic economic claims to certain spheres of interest in what is left of Turkey (Cilicia, Adalia, and the Heraclean coalfield), while we have the decisive voice and the actual command in the naval and military control of Constantinople and the Straits. In such a tangle one may hope for a readjustment of interests, but not for impartial mediation. Neither side, however, will pay much attention to good advice. The Greeks believe in their star. King Constantine's personal position may depend on the result of this campaign, and no Greek takes our official neutrality seriously, for Mr. Lloyd George has declared very plainly that on his reading of our interests as a naval Power, the Greeks are our natural allies. The Turks have raised themselves, by a supreme effort, almost from the grave, and the type of leader who can perform that sort of miracle is rarely a man of compromise and prudence. The openings for diplomacy are not at all bright, and even if it wishes to play the peacemaker, the Supreme Council is as obviously hampered by its past in any mediation as it was in the Polish war. None the less it must do its best. There is no one else available. It pays now the penalty for its own folly in assuming omnipotence and overshadowing the League.

The outstanding issues are, we take it, firstly, the control of the Straits and the status of Constantinople; secondly, the relationship of the "rebel" Turks to Russia; and thirdly, the territorial claims of the Greeks. A strong and independent League could have solved the first question with ease, and indeed we once dreamed that it might have taken Constantinople as its capital. The existing arrangement is really not internationalization at all, but a nominally joint control by the Allies, which, in fact, is in our own hands. Our critics in the French Press say of us that we have made the Straits almost as much our own possession as the Suez Canal. That is a most dangerous impression to create, and is certain to arouse the just resentment, not only of Russians and

Turks, but of other maritime peoples as well. It weakens our moral standing when we oppose French militarism in Central Europe, and it involves us deeply and riskily in the whole Eastern Question. If we continue to hold the gates of the Black Sea, we must not be surprised if the Russians, in concert with the Turks, should be tempted to work against us in Persia and even in Mesopotamia. The worst of this business is that our critics accuse us not merely of using this nominally international guardianship to strengthen our own naval position, but also of designs upon the oil-fields of the Caucasus. There will be no tolerable or lasting settlement of the Turkish question until the control of the Straits is made genuinely international. It is Russia, Turkey, and the other States whose life depends on the Black Sea—Bulgaria, Roumania, and Georgia—which have the prime interest in the waterway. The allocation of seats which excludes Russia and introduces Japan is incapable of defence. While the rest of the world which wants to trade in the Black Sea has a real stake in its freedom, it ought not to outweigh that of the riparian States. When once the disarmament of the Straits zone is completed, an international police with a neutral at its head would be infinitely preferable to the present plan of a mainly British force.

It is suggested that the understanding of the Turks with the Russians is the main obstacle to an agreement between our Foreign Office and the Angoran Government. Indeed, it is said that Lord Curzon has offered to come to terms, if Angora would give us a permanent veto over its alliances. That is, of course, almost equivalent to proposing a British protectorate over Turkey. We want no return to Disraelian policies, and happily for us, the Turks are not disposed to give up their independence. To our thinking, though it has a big element of danger, the approach of Russians and Turks to each other is a fortunate event, and we hope it will be lasting. For two centuries, the hostility of these two peoples has made a war in almost every generation, and in the modern world these wars cannot be localized. Moscow cannot readily use this connection for the purposes of revolutionary strategy, for the Turks have no inclinations to Communism. The alliance is a threat to the West only in so far as the West follows a course of aggressive and expansive Imperialism. The best way to take the sting out of it is to deal fairly with both Russia and Turkey.

The territorial claims of the Greeks raise many questions, racial, strategic, and economic. To take the last point first. It is obvious that by cutting off Constantinople from its European Hinterland, and Smyrna from the Asiatic interior, the success of the Greeks might injure both these cities, and the interior as well. One does not wish to see the childlike map-drawing of the Big Four in Central Europe repeated with like consequences in Turkey. Neither Smyrna nor Constantinople is a fountain of civilization and a focus of art like Vienna, but both have their more than local importance, and they must not be ruined by tariffs, transport rates, exchange complications and controls, as Vienna has been. The strategic question affects the possession of Constantinople. The Greeks are a brilliant and imaginative race, and they cannot be denied a great future in the regions in which their commercial genius and maritime skill predominate. But, given their devotion to their "great idea," and their belief that King Constantine, whom they call the Twelfth, is destined to restore the Byzantine Empire, to award them the two Thraces and

the European shore of the Dardanelles is almost to invite them to walk into a disarmed Constantinople.

Now their racial claim to all this territory is not impressive. In Western Thrace the careful French enumeration showed them to be a minority of the population. Eastern Thrace is so thinly peopled and has suffered so sadly from the expulsion alternately of Bulgarians and Greeks, that no statement about its present population can mean much. For our part we have never been able to understand the grounds on which Bulgaria was deprived of Western Thrace, and refused the access to the Aegean which had been promised to her. She is passive at present, and governed by a peasant party which is averse from all adventures; but will she always be content with her present status, and the loss to Serbia, Greece, and Roumania of big territories which are indisputably Bulgarian? The best solution might be her federal union with the South Slavs. In the meanwhile the best treatment for Eastern Thrace might be some provisional international régime, under Turkish suzerainty, with a mission to repeople its wastes with the Greek and Bulgarian refugees who have been driven from it. To Smyrna City the Greeks have considerable claims. But the Hinterland is Turkish, and any absolute separation between the two might well be ruinous.

These are only the more urgent and salient aspects of the Turkish question. The Armenians must not be forgotten, but it is folly to touch that question without Russian collaboration. It was easy during the war to sketch plans for the evolution of Turkey with the aid of a disinterested and idealistic West. The West ran after oil instead. We have lost many illusions, and to-day the last thing we desire is any extensive meddling or controlling in Turkey by the British, French, and Italian Governments. For one thing, it is obvious that they cannot agree to meddle in the same sense. We hope the Turks will have the wisdom to employ European experts, administrators, and instructors. But they must be free to make their own choice. Christian minorities have suffered vastly more from the interested and fitful patronage of Christian Empires than they have gained by it. The minimum of intervention is the best to be hoped for, but the first step is to end the Greek invasion and to bring back peace.

THE RETURN TO LOW WAGES.

The decontrol of the mining industry has taught the Government no lesson by the ruin it has involved. The repeal of the Agriculture Act follows hard on it; and a policy which only a year ago was declared to be the foundation of agrarian revival has gone the way of every other search Mr. Lloyd George has made into the possibilities of social reform. That the wages of farm laborers will remain at their present level is almost unthinkable; and unless the farmers' and the laborers' unions can come together, we are likely to see a long and sullen fight, ending in the dissipation of the new hopes of the countryside. Less than two months separates us from the decontrol of the railways; there, again, it is the certainty of serious wage-reductions that confronts us. Wherever the Government touches the world of industry, a fall in the workers' standard of life seems the inevitable consequence.

It was the effort of pre-war Liberalism to establish a definite and adequate standard of civilization for the average worker. It was realized that the struggle of competing interests would never secure a well-ordered

commonwealth. So in future the price of capitalist existence was to be its ability to provide the worker with a fair environment, a satisfactory standard. The setting up of that standard was, so to speak, the condition of entrance into the business world. With all its limitations, what was significant in that philosophy was its recognition that *laissez-faire* had become absolutely intolerable. Labor was given its charter of freedom in the Trades Disputes Act. Minimum wages were established in the sweated trades and in the mining industry. It was not, by any means, a new world. But at least it was a world that had begun to set limits to the rule of capital.

Mr. Lloyd George's present policy is to reverse that evolution. The prosperity that followed the sudden onset of peace has passed. The business world faces the greatest decline in trade in its history. The situation, obviously enough, calls for heroic remedies; and the remedy of the capitalist, aided by Mr. Lloyd George, champion of "heroes" and friend of the poor, is to restore markets by low wages. The very idea of defining a standard of life is in process of disappearance. The new test is rather what wages Labor can be driven to accept. The coal-owners, for example, were willing to risk the loss of their export market rather than offer a reasonable wage to the miners. The great cotton-spinners propose, at a stroke, a twenty-five per cent. reduction in wages; and they seem to contemplate a strike almost with equanimity since their stocks are heavy and effective demand is small. Government does nothing but repeat the formulae of the average business man. Its only philosophy is to rid itself of power to intervene, lest the workers turn to it for remedy. In the result, it is supporting an attempt to purchase commercial prosperity merely by lowering the workers' standard of life. It pays no heed to the doctrine of the economy of high wages. It asks from capital no guarantees of efficient production. It does not seek to associate new motives for production with business enterprise. It is content to watch the population sink perishingly into the economic condition from which Karl Marx drew his indictment of the whole process of capitalism. Of Mr. Lloyd George's economic statesmanship it can be said without exaggeration that it has come not to fulfil but to destroy.

It is doubtless true that blame attaches to the leaders of organized Labor. They must have seen that between the war and the sudden rise of wages the workmen were getting somewhat demoralized, and that a word of warning and counsel would have been in season. And their politics has certainly been wanting. Labor did little to solidify its forces. In the House of Commons its representation was on a level with that of its opponents; and if its leadership has been more honest, it can hardly be said to have been more distinguished. It has spurned every effort at alliance from those who felt the disgrace of such a Government as we possess, but were unprepared for instant membership of the Labor Church. Its propaganda has brought comfort to those already convinced. But it has not won the allegiance of that mass of hesitant opinion which, while longing for new paths, yet shrinks from too sharp a break with the past. It has failed to insist with force that the alternative to revolution by catastrophe is necessarily revolution by degrees and by instalments.

Yet the weakness of Labor does not palliate one whit the sin of the Government. It is obvious to every critical observer that the war has involved a change in the purpose of the State. No community that does not secure for its members a real share in the riches life can offer may now hope for political stability. It may postpone

disaster; it may yield to reaction; but to-day, as in 1832, "reform in order that you may preserve" is, as Macaulay said then, "the watchword of great events." Mr. George's policy has also involved an alteration in the true purpose of the State. But it is a total misdirection. He has set out to buy the commercial prosperity of the country at the expense of the standard of life of the people. He proposes to revive the export trade by sacrificing what gain in wages Labor had won by its endurance in the testing time of war. But that is to make a slave population. Unprovided with an adequate subsistence, their education sacrificed to a false cry of economy, their trade unions weakened by uncalculating State support of their enemies, the mass of the workmen will become a multitude nourished upon fear instead of hope. A victory so gained is worse than defeat, even for capital.

The strength of any State lies ultimately in the public conscience of its citizens; and it is to that conscience that sober-minded men will make their appeal. The time has come to declare that those who make schisms in the progressive forces of the country are guilty of treason to their cause. The one way of return to a righteous policy is to make an end of the authors of the evils we have described. Minor differences of purpose and direction, suspicion of personalities, vested interests in remote possibilities of power: all these are of comparative unimportance, and upon two groups of men a declaration of faith is especially incumbent. Independent Liberalism has fought hard against Irish repression. It must remember that the spirit which has attempted the destruction of Irish freedom also seeks to bring Labor to its knees. It must learn to translate the ideals of Labor into its own faith. It must seek to safeguard those standards of civilized life it was searching, before the war, to translate into definitive statutes. That does not mean the debating of resolutions at Nottingham. It means a Midlothian campaign for industrial standards in which every Liberal, from leader to rank and file, bears his due part. The renovating energy of good government can come only from a popular awakening; and it will not come until Liberalism has made definite proclamation of the reforms that are implicit in its faith.

Nor, as it seems to us, can the Churches forget their mission. They stand at the cross-roads between Laodicea and Galilee, and they must make up their minds to the choice. The social ethics of Christianity offer a standard of judgment upon institutions, and the time has come to apply it. For either membership and priesthood of a Christian Church are an obligation to a certain rule of life, or else Christianity is a dead system, without meaning for the times in which we live. The oppression of the weak and the exaltation of the strong is, whether in Ireland or in industry, a proper subject for Christian protest. The test of the Churches is their willingness to join issue with the order to which our rulers would subject us. They cannot dwell at ease in Zion.

What, in the end, remains of final importance is the union of public men. Resistance to dishonorable power is rendered fruitless unless there is co-operation between those who feel its dishonor. The people has shown signs of a desire to end the infliction of this Government. The electorate searches for means to defeat it; yet it is baffled and disheartened by the divisions of the Opposition. The time has come to give the mass of the people those unified counsels which are the precursor of victory. Men who oppose or refuse accommodation for the purpose of such success must remember that in effect they are the authors of the nation's woes hardly less than Mr. George and his colleagues. For they are the real obstacles to the return to freedom.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE break-down of the minimum wage for agriculture gives serious social politics, so far as they exist, the worst set-back they have had since the war. I remember the days of the Land Programme. What a hopeful, what an enthusiastic hour! What breakfasts—veritable feasts of social love—were eaten at 11, Downing Street! How feverishly the statisticians toiled in the cause of sweated labor in the backward counties. How Mr. George thundered on the platform; how high the Georgian stock went up in the Liberal market, and how low that of the Prime Minister went down! Well, it was not a bootless agitation. A new England did in fact begin to emerge from those councils, and its fruits are to be seen in many a countryside to-day. Now, because he cannot keep his pledges to the farmers, Mr. George must needs break them to the laborers, and at a grumbling word from the richest constituency in England, the whole of this machinery of salvation for thousands is ruthlessly scrapped by the hand that built it. I suppose the Prime Minister has done politically worse things than this. But nothing quite so mean.

BUT one has long given up dealing with the Prime Minister on intellectual terms; in these matters he is a man without a cross. You cannot compare what he does or says to-day with what he did or said yesterday, for no rational link can be discovered to exist between the Prime Minister's present and his past. But really his appearance as a monitor of the Churches beats cock-fighting. The Churches (or some of them) have lately caused Mr. George some political inconvenience. For example, they have protested against his Irish Government's highly moral, Christian, and civilized practice of substituting vengeance for justice, and indiscriminate murder for selective law. They have also expressed a certain sympathy with the workmen of this country in their struggle to maintain the standard of living which his policy or his blunders tend to depress or to destroy. All this, says Mr. George, is very wrong, and quite beyond the Church's province. It might even cause trouble in Church congregations and spread abroad the spirit of hatred sown by the war (known earlier to Mr. George's admirers as the "dog-fight"). It was equally unwise to promote the League of Nations. Let the Churches stick to temperance and goodwill in general; that is to say, let them shirk each plain issue of right and conscience as it comes along, and talk platitudes, to which no one will pay the smallest attention. Truly a pleasant and profitable division of labor for a world nicely divided between cruelty and cant!

As for the anti-waste movement in the constituencies it would be folly to measure it by its victory in St. George's. Of course, the Cities of the Rich have their grievances, like the rest of us. But they will always vote for starving the budgets of the Cities of the Poor. And the political party which is arising at the call of the anti-wastrels is a worthless one. It has no ideas; it feeds our favorite vice of ignorance; and it has a low, peddling idea of an England that will become rich again by cutting men's and women's wages and turning their children into the factories and the turnip-fields. Its honest spokesmen in the House of Commons are inveterate Tories and reactionaries; its dishonest ones—well, they are known of all men for what they are. They happen to have grown up, mushroom-like, out of the bog of Government

thriftlessness. But they could never form a Ministry, and, if they did, it would be *pour rire*, unworthy of the times and totally unfit to heal the wounds of the war.

I HOPE liberal-minded people are sufficiently aware of the coming International Free Trade Congress which is to meet at Amsterdam on September 13th. At all events, I inform them that they can go there by communicating with the Secretary of the Cobden Club at Broadway Court, Westminster, before the 30th of this month, and paying a fee of £1 5s. That seems a cheap admission to a four days' Congress, in a pleasant and hospitable land. But the meeting is also highly important. Free Trade is once more a gospel, this time an international one, of deep import to the economic and moral life of the world. It is again in the phase of conflict on which all gospels enter; and it is making converts in the most unexpected quarters, as all gospels do. So I warmly recommend a visit to Amsterdam next September.

I READ with melancholy interest the account which Mr. Villard gives, in the American "Nation," of the death of Franklin Lane, Secretary for the Interior in Wilson's Cabinet. I saw much of Mr. Lane in Washington; and he was good enough to introduce me to one of the greatest and most fearsome things in the United States and the world, St. Gaudens's memorial statue of Mrs. Henry Adams. He had the artist's nature, so rare in politics, and yet one would say so indispensable to the politician. And he seemed to me to be the one man I met in America who could definitely take his place in the ranks of liberal statesmanship, and who yet was something freer and fresher than most of our existing liberal types. I should say that he was a great administrator, and his social and diplomatic gifts were so striking, and so full of charm, that one could understand why it was generally said of him that if he had not been Canadian born, he would have been an almost certain President. What especially attracted me was his keenness on industrial reorganization. I don't think he cared much about the later phases of the war, or believed that America's part in it was going to do her any moral or intellectual good. And (like Rathenau) he was eager to find a new synthesis of industrial life, which should remain capitalistic in basis and yet make poverty, a mean life for the worker, and unemployment practically impossible. He quoted some examples of the new American industrial townships and settlements; none of which were to me convincing, for they seemed to lack the elements of social independence and real partnership in industry. But Lane's mind was set on a solution; and his fine and sanguine temperament would not have been easily daunted by the pains and difficulties of the search. He sent me a selection of his speeches, which were eloquent and hopeful like himself; but I missed there the signs of the powerful and really constructive intelligence that arose continually from his conversation. I believe the world suffered a heavy loss when he died.

IF unemployment is to be relieved by State-aided emigration, as I see is again suggested, on what scale is the experiment to be attempted? And in what part of the English-speaking world at this moment are we to find an adequate opening for England's surplus heroes? Not long ago the Prime Minister, who now sees in this expedient the country's—to say nothing of the Coalition's—sole hope of escape from a terrible winter, would as soon have thought of prescribing blood-letting as a cure for anaemia. Yet, desperate as it may seem, the remedy,

in the opinion of the Government's experts, is not desperate enough to match the character and dimensions of the disease as prefigured in their visions of its rising chart-line. I believe it is calculated (to mention only one example) that even after all the miners for whom work is now available have gone back, there will remain from 250,000 to 300,000 permanent out-of-works.

PERSONALLY Einstein made a great impression on those who heard his lecture or made his personal acquaintance. His fineness, even nobility of bearing, and simple and accessible manners, were obvious enough; but what moved his hearers, and those who had conversation with him, was the feeling that they were in a presence of the highest intellectual distinction. "A great man, one of the greatest," or "a Newton come again to earth," was the general verdict, borne out and strengthened by witness of the intellectual structure of his discourse at King's College. In the remoter heights of his theory very few can have walked with him in any real companionship, and not all of those who claimed it. But it must be remembered that solid proof rests behind his observations, and that his extraordinary powers of thought have been expended not merely on metaphysical speculation, but on the discovery of verified physical truth. What is gratifying socially is that this great German, pacifist as he was during the war, should have been received without, so far as I know, a single ungraceful or impolite reflection on his personality or his visit.

ASKED as to the number of American students of his theory who thoroughly understood it, Einstein replied laconically, "One, possibly two."

I NOTE with regret the death of my old friend, Louis Grin, better known to this credulous world as Louis de Rougemont. I am afraid I must count myself as the destroyer of his fame as an explorer. It was the late Louis Becke who first suggested in the "Chronicle" a doubt on the theory and practice of turtle-riding, which in the end proved to be nearly the most stable of Grin's achievements. When I invited him to attend an informal cross-examination in Whitefriars Street, I did not explore his Australian experiences. I asked him where and when he was born, and where his birth had been registered. He replied "In the Boulevard Haussmann," and "In the Department of the Seine." I found that the Boulevard Haussmann had not been built in the year when "Louis de Rougemont" was supposed to have seen the light, and that there was no such entry in the registers of the Seine. A series of cables and answers to them discovered his identity with a certain Green of Sydney, who had undoubtedly been engaged in pearl-fishing, and gradually the hoax was exposed until even the British Association gave it up. Grin was shown to have got the name de Rougemont from the well-known Belgian family with whom he took service when quite young, and to have endeared himself to their memory by a detected feat of smuggling watches over the Swiss frontier. He was a "character," with a great store of vivacity and pleasant impudence. I don't think he originally intended a fraud on the public. He was led on by an editor's eagerness and gullibility. He made up the instalments of his wondrous tale by reading books of adventure in the British Museum, adding a few domestic touches on his relations with Australian ladies. Phil May took a great interest in the disclosures, and drew some extremely funny caricatures of the hero of them and his retinue in the bush.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A PREMATURE PIONEER.

ACCIDENT has just brought to mind a remarkable man almost forgotten except by social antiquaries, and perhaps a few Quakers. For John Bellers was an early disciple in that sect which he described as "the Children of Light, in scorn called Quakers," and he resolutely maintained belief in the "excellency and divinity of Inward Light." He was born half way through that seventeenth century, so terrifying in the intensity and variety of its religious convictions, and it is possible that he knew George Fox himself. Throughout life he followed a fine and philanthropic course. If the word had not fallen into discredit we might call him the first of philanthropists, for he devoted himself to the alleviation of evil and misery of many kinds. He labored for the reform of hospitals, prisons, and the treatment of children. He was among the first to conceive a League of Nations—"a Confederation of States to abolish War." In holy simplicity of heart, he even laid his proposal before Parliament, and published "Reasons for an European State," to be established by the Powers of Europe under a Universal Guarantee, and maintained by an annual Congress and a permanent Senate—a scheme which resulted in just about as much reality as the League of Nations now in ghostly existence at Geneva. But what attracts us most is his stratagem for making prisoners more ready to hear what advice might be given them by a proposal that "they should be treated with a dinner of baked legs and shins of beef and ox cheeks; which," he assured the authorities, "was a rich and cheap dish, with which they might be treated plentifully for 4d. a head, or less."

We do not know what the contemporaries of Judge Jeffreys may have thought of such a proposal, nor what the Governors of our gaols would think of it now. But it would have been a pleasant sight to watch the rows of prisoners, replete with baked legs and shins of beef and ox cheeks, listening to good advice, and to hear their remarks upon the situation. It was a truly English prescription for moral improvement; and, indeed, John Bellers was an Englishman throughout. We might almost say that philanthropy like his is a peculiarly English trait, and he reveals his national character also in a good-tempered optimism about sinners, in his devotion to committees, and his confident trust in the virtue of Parliament, whose wisdom he compares to the summer sun beneficially acting upon a fruitful tree. On the whole we are still a philanthropic people, we are still devoted to committees, and many still believe in Parliament. But Bellers's great proposal, which in 1695 he submitted to the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, has never yet been realized. And it is this proposal, reprinted by Headley Bros., that has accidentally come into our hands.

His proposal, in brief, is to establish a "Colledge of Industry." He was moved to it by "the Cries and Miseries of some, and Idleness and Lewdness of others of the Poor," and the great charge the Nation was at for them. As clearly as Bernard Shaw, he discerned that what was wrong with the poor was their poverty, and it is interesting to observe many other modern ideas creeping in among the old conceptions of property and raising conflict there. He assumes the rich to be a permanent and honorable class; yet he perceives that, far from

Being "independent," they depend entirely upon the labor of the poor:—

"As a good and plentiful Living must be the Poor's Encouragement; so the Increase, the Advantage of the Rich; Without them, they cannot be Rich; for if one had a hundred thousand Acres of Land, and as many Pounds in money, and as many Cattle, without a Laborer, what would the Rich-Man be, but a Laborer? And as the Laborers make Men rich, so the more Laborers, there will be the more rich Men (where there is Land to employ and provide for them). Therefore I think it the interest of the Rich to encourage the honest Laborers Marrying at full Age; but by the want of it, it seems to me the World is out of Frame, and not understanding its own Interest, The Labor of the Poor being the Mines of the Rich."

If only the Duke of Northumberland had studied that last sentence before he entered upon the debate with Mr. Hyndman! But it will be noticed that Bellers does not attack the Rich as such. He assumes them as a necessary and enviable class. The land is theirs (land being then the measure and source of wealth), and he urges the improvement of the Poor partly in hope of increasing the wealth of the Rich. He had little more conscience in that respect than we find in Disraeli's novels. Disraeli had also heard the Cries and Miseries of the Poor; yet, in the first chapter of "Lothair," we read:—

"These remarks were made in the morning-room of Brentham, where the mistress of the mansion sate surrounded by her daughters, all occupied with various works. One knitted a purse, another adorned a slipper, a third emblazoned a page. Beautiful forms in counsel leant over frames glowing with embroidery, while two fair sisters more remote occasionally burst into melody, as they tried the passages of a new air, which had been communicated to them in the manuscript of some devoted friend."

It is little over fifty years since that was written, and apparently it was written in admiration rather than irony. There is no suggestion that Disraeli, any more than the Duke of Northumberland, took account of the Labor of the Poor being the Mines of the Rich. He assumed the Rich as necessary and enviable people, and seems not to have reflected that all those pretty and various "works" of knitting purses, adorning slippers, emblazoning pages, and bursting into melody were only rendered possible by other various but less lovely forms of labor. In recognizing the worker as the sole source of wealth—the only support of the rich—Bellers was, indeed, a pioneer. Why, two centuries after his death there are people still who have not caught him up!

And so with education. Bellers urges the rich to encourage marriage and the raising of children. He considers it strange "to consider how industrious the World is to raise Corn and Cattle, which only serves Men, and how negligent of (or rather careful to hinder) the increase of Men, who are a thousand times better (than beasts), being to serve God." (His style is often irregular, owing to hurried ellipse and the general use of the singular verb for the plural subject.) But these children, he continues, should be put into a comfortable way of living, joined with a good education, that so "they may prove in the Ages to come, both Good and Great in this World, and as Angels in the next." How few among our Members of Parliament, as they cut down the Education Grant, reflect that, in so doing, they reduce the future number of Angels! But Bellers had no doubt of it, and evidently he had brooded long over the education of the numerous offspring destined to fill his Colleges of Industry.

"A good Education," he wrote, "though with but a little Estate makes a happier Man, than a great Estate without it; for the first not only supports the name of his Family, but raiseth a Name and Family to himself; whereas the latter, many times the more rich, the more

wicked; and only pleased when at once he is making an end of Body, Estate, and Name together."

So Bellers offers many suggestions for the education of the College children. Early teaching should be rather by conversation than by book, "for we remember a Man's voice longer than his Face, and a sound upon the Ear penetrates the Spirits more than a silent Seeing." A remark perhaps only too true; for the present writer can accurately imitate the voice and method of all the teachers of his youth, but has utterly forgotten their teaching. Bellers thinks four hours in the morning and four in the afternoon too long to keep a child at his book. He would rather have children work a while with their hands, for "Who have stronger Bodies than Laborers, and weaker Bodies than great Students? And if the head grows too big for the Body, the whole will fall into the rickets. It is Labor sustains, maintains, and upholds, though Learning gives a Useful Polish." As to punishment, he thinks beating alone insufficient; "Stripes weakening that Presence of Mind which is useful to a ready Learning. Understanding must rather be distilled, as Children can take it, than drove into them. Beating (only) spoils their Natural Parts, more than the Acquired (they are beat to) will make up; by which some, that would make any thing better than Scholars, are made only mere Scholars."

To confirm his view of education, he quotes a speech of Chief Justice Hale upon "Employing the Poor," in which that great lawyer said "a Sound, Prudent, Method for an Industrious Education of the Poor will give a better Remedy against these Corruptions than all the Gibbets and Whipping-posts in this Kingdom." And in his own model Colleges of Industry Bellers would have "corrections to be rather in abatements of food than stripes"; in that also proving himself a pioneer, though one would rather see his prisoners confronting those legs and shins of beef than afflicted with abatement of food.

The objects of his practical dream were: (1) "Profit for the Rich (which will be life to the rest)"—an antiquated notion, we admit; (2) "A plentiful living for the poor, without difficulty; (3) A good Education for Youth, that may end to prepare their Souls." The numbers for a College at the start are not strictly defined. He thinks 300 could begin, but there might be 3,000. And for sites he suggests such places as Colchester, "where are made Bayes and Perpetuanoes," or Taunton "for Seages," Stroud "for Cloth," Devonshire "for Kearsies." For in those days Yorkshire and Lancashire were only hill and moor, and the Mersey a mountain stream. Bellers gives an exact list of the necessary workers, both men and women, for trade, manufacture, and farming; and he calculates that in the nation of his time not more than two-thirds, or not more even than a half, were needed workers. It is one of his contradictions, for he considers the rich necessary, and yet they cannot be counted among needed workers in any nation; and from his list he excludes them entirely.

The College of Industry was evidently an anticipation of Fourier's "Phalanxes" and Robert Owen's "Colonies" and "New Harmony." Indeed, Owen acknowledged his debt to Bellers, and Karl Marx and Eduard Bernstein both referred to him with admiration. How far the Garden Suburbs may carry his idea we cannot say, but perhaps they are a step towards it. The worst of schemes so carefully framed and with such noble intent is that they are likely to be wrecked by the mere perversity, jealousy, and self-will unfortunately persisting in the roots of human nature. The present writer once inhabited a Communistic Community. It was magnificent, but it was not peace.

ENGLAND'S SECOND FAILURE.

THE obvious thing to say about the second Test Match—and everybody said it at Lord's on Tuesday—is that the better team won. But to say just that and no more is not useful to English cricket nor necessarily complimentary to the Australians. A cricket team rather less competent than Armstrong's might easily have defeated that which represented England. Let us, therefore, praise the Australians "in the absolute," not by the odious comparative method. They played beautiful cricket. Macdonald's bowling was lithe and yet powerful. Gregory, though not on the whole in his true vein, gave us a glimpse of his superb pace on Monday evening. The little man Macartney on Saturday used his bat as Sergeant Troy, in one of Mr. Hardy's most famous passages, uses his broadsword; and Bardsley gave us batsmanship with the classic chastity in it. They also showed us how to field, and the fair-headed cricketer Pellew thrilled us on the boundary's edge with his swiftness and grace. These fine points of the Australians demanded a positive approval. You could not give it simply by telling Armstrong that "the better team won."

For, truth to tell, this latest England XI. was, even "before the event," one of the weakest that has ever carried the name of England. It was, as a fact, not an England XI. but a South of England X.—with Parkin, a Northern county man, thrown in. No England XI. of the past was selected from so small a geographical area as this. The other day a famous umpire told the writer that in his opinion there were not eleven Test Match cricketers in the whole of the country.

The season's history, even before last Tuesday, rather supported this view. Yet the Selection Committee sought to discover an All-England XI. in four or five Southern counties! One consequence of this mistake was that at Lord's we had a team deficient not only in all-round cricket technique, but also in the more important matter of toughness of temperament and the warlike spirit. For it is not too much to claim that the South of England game is not as hardy and as combative as the game the North knows. It is lovelier, has in it a softer tone or color, but the harsh and scourging conflict of, say, a Lancashire-Yorkshire match at Bramwell Lane is uncommon in the equable South. Even the club cricketer in Lancashire and Yorkshire is dominated by the will to conquer. In the leagues of those counties cricket expresses an uncompromising hostility between towns and villages each socially compact and mutually exclusive—a hostility hardly possible in and around London, where the village is non-existent as a social unit. The very counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Essex themselves are almost mere geographical terms—certainly not places which have the keen self-consciousness and independence of next-door neighbors and all the combativeness right and proper to next-door neighbors! The conditions in which Northern cricket is played breed the man who makes stark antagonism of his sport—it is no accident that Hirst came from Yorkshire! And if the Selection Committee used imagination in the job of Test Team-building no England XI. would be turned out without at least two cricketers in it who learned the game in the pugnacious school of the North. In such a dour school do the Australians themselves study cricket. The English team in the second Test Match contained too many "country club" cricketers—men who had not come through some searching ordeal by battle. Experience in a common county match, one that has no tradition of local rivalry at the back of it, is too soft a school for Test Match cricketers.

The Australians, in their inter-State games, are put through a baptism of fire severer than this. And the

difference in the spirit of the two sides at Lord's was surely plain. England had a team with many men in it who love cricket first of all because it belongs to the jolliness of summer. The Australians turn this amenable pastime of the South into a very bitter conflict. Did not A. J. Evans and D. J. Knight at Lord's look the sheerest Lotus-eaters—seen in contrast with Macdonald of the grim mouth? It may be that cricket as it is played in the South of England is a happier game than the Australian's or the Northerner's, that it is the game that has moved the poets to fine emotion. But it is hardly the game wherewith to beat Armstrong and his men. Your Roundhead will beat your Cavalier every time.

The team at Lord's, then, had this serious psychological shortcoming—softness of temperament. The captain of the side, moreover, had little of the leadership needed to make the best of this weakness. He allowed, for instance, D. J. Knight to assist in the opening of England's innings twice. It was unwise to send Knight in first on Saturday, if only for the reason that Knight had not played a single innings in first-class cricket for a fortnight. To send him in first again on Monday, after a failure in the first innings which must have unsettled his confidence, was the grossest blunder. Indeed, Douglas's leadership in this match was woefully purblind. He worked his moves to rote. He rarely had his bowlers in the right contrast—too often, for instance, he was bowling with Durston at the other end, thus providing the Australians at both wickets with pace and direction not vastly diversified. On Tuesday, when Australia had to score but 129 to win, Douglas persisted with his own bowling and Durston's until Bardsley and Andrews were well set and three parts of the way to victory covered. Meanwhile, Parkin was left more or less idle in the field, and not asked to bowl until both batsmen had played themselves into perfect confidence. Yet if Parkin has value at all, it is as a bowler to batsmen just in or not yet sure of themselves. The whole purpose of Parkin's pace variations, his strong contrasts of spin, is to worry a batsman out before his "eye is in." If Douglas does not understand this much about Parkin, than he has not closely studied Parkin's history in first-class cricket. The mark of Douglas's captaincy is just routine competency. His fieldsmen are conventionally set—he rarely "improvises" a field for a particular batsman. Douglas, of course, is a great fighter, a man who never knows he is beaten—though he must have had some slight experience lately in the psychological processes which produce the state of "awareness," as Henry James would call it, to the nature of defeat. Douglas, in a word, is a General Buller of the cricket field, one of the bulldog breed with the tactical shortcomings common enough in that breed. His lack of initiative and subtlety in leadership is not all that renders his captaincy useless to England. He does not give that inspiration of a confident personality which may cancel out a cricket captain's want of a practical technique of leadership—as happened with George Giffen.

Compare Armstrong and Douglas as they make their moves in the field. Armstrong has power over his men that hardly needs speech to shape the purpose of it; he and his team remind one of an old hen and her brood. Armstrong with a few glances, and seemingly inarticulate noises in the mouth, points his men to their right places and they go. Douglas is voluble, and, as is too often the way with volubility, this leads rather to futility. Armstrong, of course, has the advantage of living day by day with his team and so can get to the bottom of it psychologically. All the more reason an England captain should move amongst his men as often as he can—and dine with them, for a cricketer may find out much of another at the table! But no; we persist with our

amateurs and professionals, the "Times" must write of "Mr. Knight" and "Hendren"—and heaven knows how much the observance of this ancient social ordinance is standing in the way of our Test Elevens cultivating *ensemble*, good team-work!

Yet the Lord's match had some consolation for English cricketers. They saw Woolley and Tennyson drive the Australian fast bowlers in front of the wicket. They saw Woolley make an art out of batsmanship. His cricket surpassed that of Bardsley's. Woolley's batsmanship had a brilliance which took on the keenest edge because it shone through so much that was forbiddingly dark to England. The sense of the frailty of loveliness when it is set in harsh, inimical ways is not less moving if it comes to you through a mere game than if it comes to you in the arts and in the serious business of life. And Woolley's grace and brilliance on Monday, with the rattle of English wickets about him, stirred in at least one onlooker some little consciousness of the sad dividing of forces that Walter Pater writes about.

Present-Day Problems

MORE JETTISON.

It is said that the Corn Production Act is to be repealed, or so much of it as guarantees the farmer a price for his corn and the laborer a wage for his labor. With the guarantees is to go the Agricultural Wages Board. Our Government has accustomed us to a new use for Acts of Parliament. They now serve as sops to be thrown out to the clamorous pack of the moment. When the sop of supply has stilled one pack, the sop of repeal is thrown out to another. This is the comic-opera kind of administration to which heavy middle-aged gentlemen, like Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Fisher, solemnly lend themselves. To appease the laborers at a crisis the minimum wage was established, to comfort the farmers the guaranteed price was added. As an afterthought, suggested from outside, the Wages Board was thrown in. Since then a new clamor has arisen, for the sake of which the guarantee is to be withdrawn, and the laborer, who clamors least, is to be left once more to the farmer, who knows how to make himself heard. This is not government at all, but a foolish kind of chase—a scrap-of-paper chase, with the Prime Minister for hare, the hare with no friends.

The guarantee was a folly of panic, while the minimum wage was a plain necessity; but the Wages Board was a considered scheme, though not at all considered by the Government. Many things conspired to force it upon the attention of those who did consider and devise it. The dependence of Britain upon her own food-supply was one of the first lessons of the war. The status and worth of the farm-laborer was at the moment, as we say, "in the air"—how or why need not now be told. Thirdly, the rapid growth of the two farm-laborers' unions convinced the Board of Agriculture that definite action was necessary unless labor on the land was to go the way of labor in the mines and shops. The Agricultural Wages Board is not the only one that has been set up as an expedient, but so far as I know it is the only one which was founded on conviction and worked with energy. It was, as I have said, adopted as a shift by the Government; but it was not so imagined by its creators. The root of the scheme lay in the conviction, which is of obvious force, that the only reasonable, or possible, way of avoiding trade disturbances is for all parties concerned to talk them out across a table. Behind any such Board there must naturally be the sanction of the law; and whether that sanction is to be a despotism or not depends entirely upon the spirit in which the Board faces its duties.

I have been a member of a County Wages Committee from the beginning, and need only speak of what I know. It pleases me to think that my county is typical of rural England: I believe it, and it is almost necessary for me to hope it. It is entirely agricultural, remote from town influences; it has lost very little, if anything, of the immemorial tradition upon which it rests, as if built on rock. But it has—I must admit it—the good manners common to the south-west of this island, and I should be perplexed to decide how much the Wages Committee may not owe to that valuable possession, or what other kind of oil the wheels of controversy can have needed to make them run both sweet and true.

I was an "appointed member," a *tertium quid* put in by the Legislature to represent, I suppose, the public; but, by a fault of original contrivance, it came about that I found myself both judge and jury. For it was decreed by the Central Board in London that masters and men, equal in representation, should vote themselves out, even if not actually present. If there were seven farmers there and four laborers, the laborers were to vote seven, and *vice versa*. I thought that improper. I could see no reason why the appointed members should not vote on one side or the other, as they thought fit. The debate would have been fought to a clean finish, and the majority would have prevailed. As it was, the vote of masters and men was a certainty. Then both parties had to retire while the appointed members carried out a new debate, with another division. Or if, as sometimes happened, there was but one appointed member present, he pronounced *ex cathedrā*, like a pontiff. All that put more responsibility upon the Appointed as a body than they desired or deserved. If they stood for the public they should have acted as the public does and taken sides. A class distinction was set up. The public is not a class, but a community. However, one had to take it as it was ordered by the oligarchs in Pall Mall.

Even so, with an able chairman such as we had, the committee worked well. Good temper was the rule, and a really surprising reciprocity of consideration was evolved after a short period of chaos. The farmers were a picked lot, two or three of them certainly exceptional men. The best Wiltshire farmer cannot be beaten for humanity, reasonableness, and courtesy; the worst, if I may be forgiven, ought to be, for the lack of those gifts. But we had none of our worst to deal with. Their chosen spokesman was a rarely gifted man, not only an expert at his business, but a good speaker; not only a man of humor, but one of good humor. If all the farmers in England had been cast in his mould there would have been no need for a Wages Board at all: as it was, he did his utmost to observe the golden rule of all good despots—that is, to make a despotism unnecessary. Under his leadership the rest followed like gentlemen and men of feeling.

The men also were led, and well led, but not by one of themselves. There may have been a necessity for that. The two trade unions had gone so far by the time the Boards were set up that there was no way of keeping them off them. Paid organizers were there to be chosen, and were chosen as a matter of course. Before the end we had two from one union and one from the other. They were advocates with a case to make: there was no reasoning with them, though their leader, a borough councillor of Swindon, was a reasonable man as well as a good advocate. But a trade union lives upon its membership, and its membership lives upon the benefits it can secure. There is unfortunately no appeal to the civic sense of a trade union organizer, and not always an appeal to his common sense.

Yet I do not see how the real farm-laborers at our table could have made any kind of figure there without some such counsel. Servitude has grown into them; they were bred in it. One could see in their faces that they were scared. They feared to offend, they distrusted every advance: what was worse, they had views of their own, and could not for their lives put words to them. One saw that they did not always follow their leaders' line of thought, that sometimes what was said on their behalf was far from what they would have said themselves. Once at least I found that they were actually of

the masters' way of thinking, while their spokesman upheld and they themselves voted the exact contrary. But that was a case where an advance in money conflicted with tradition.

Nevertheless the Wages Committee was great gain, and something has been won by it which repeal cannot take away. For the first time in the history of British agriculture hired labor has had a voice and vote on equal terms, and has been able to require of its masters a reason for their actions, and an account of their methods of business. Farm labor has been dignified as it has always deserved to be. Whatever may happen now, it will not slip back into serfhood. Still—the Government chooses for war, and war there must be. If it is to be fought out cleanly it will be owing to the inherent good sense and moderation of the men. But war would have been avoided by any Government which did not live upon the discords of other people.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

Contemporaries.

EINSTEIN.

It may be said at once that Einstein's lecture at King's College on Monday was, as Lord Haldane described it, a superb performance. It is probable that no better lecturer than Einstein exists; certainly the present writer had never heard a lecturer as good. I know of only one lecturer, Mr. Jeans, who is as fluent, whose words flow in as easy a stream, but even Mr. Jeans is unable to cover so much ground, without hurry and without obscurity, within the hour. Einstein had no notes, no hesitations, and no repetitions, and the logical order in which he expounded his ideas was masterly beyond praise. One sat wondering how much of this exquisite performance was being wasted upon the audience; to how many was this carefully precise German an unintelligible noise? One had the sense of *malaise* with which one would listen to a superb violinist playing to a majority of tone-deaf people. But presently one's doubts were happily resolved. Einstein paused, and, speaking always in German, said: "My lecture is already a little long." There came a storm of encouraging applause from all parts of the hall. "I shall take that as an invitation," he said, smiling, and the applause was redoubled. "But my further remarks will not be so easy to follow," he continued, and everybody laughed with him. This was splendid; the audience had passed with honors. The journalist in front of me had complained about the hall: "An important college in London to have a miserable little hall like this!" he had said in disgust. "Why, in Michigan the college hall seats 5,500 people and —" "Yes, but how many of them would understand an Einstein lecture?" interrupted my scientific friend. "Oh, probably none," said the journalist, laughing. "Quite so," said my friend. "This hall gives an excuse to 5,000 of them to stay away." It was a concise statement, I reflected, of the difference between American and English education.

Einstein has few gestures. If we accept Poincaré's division of mathematicians into two types, the "logicians" and the "geometricians," he belongs to the former class, which means that he makes very little use of pictorial images. The attachment of one phrase to another is by a logical bond; he does not present one with a series of dissolving views. He has the practised German lecturer's trick of emphasizing the important nouns, *points d'appui* as it were, in the parentheses within parentheses, and this occasional use of the chest-notes reminded one of that "strong, manly way of saying what you mean," that William James so much preferred to the tentative, high-pitched, philosophical voices of Harvard. And, indeed, there was nothing tentative about this sturdy, serene little man. He gave an impression of great modesty, but at the same time of complete lack of diffidence. Surrounded, as he was, by the most brilliant mathematicians in England, he had an air of easy mastery. He did not appear to think that Relativity

theory was a particularly difficult or controversial thing, but he did appear to think that it was the product of unescapable logic. He knows every stone of the edifice he has built, and he knows that it will stand. This perfect serenity dominated the audience. My friend, one of the more conservative of English physicists, whispered to me as the pitilessly clear exposition proceeded, "This is certainly a very great man." That was, indeed, the overwhelming impression. Most people there realized, I fancy, that they were now, for the first and probably the only time in their lives, in the presence of a genius of the first order.

Lord Haldane, in his excellent opening remarks, gave Einstein his right place without any timid qualifications. "You are in the presence," he informed the audience, "of the Newton of the twentieth century, of a man who has effected a greater revolution in thought than that of Copernicus, Galileo, and even Newton himself."

There was no applause; one felt the slight shock in the air. For, after all, is not Einstein a German? But Lord Haldane, smiling, wary, and implacable, drove the point home. They had to swallow it whole: the dose was not minimized, however indecent the truth might appear that the greatest scientific man the latter centuries have produced is a German Jew. One glanced at Einstein: he was patient, dreamy, looking at nothing.

And then Lord Haldane, still with that resolute smile, went on to speak of Einstein's violin playing. The audience relaxed; everybody felt relieved. He had the technique of a first-class professional, we were told, and more understanding of what he played than most first-class professionals. One glanced again at Einstein. He was beaming. He sat twisting his fingers in embarrassed pleasure, his face shining with delight. So he is, after all, susceptible to flattery.

The substance of his lecture has already appeared in the daily Press, and there is no occasion to report it again in these columns. We must call attention, however, to one very important point. It has often been objected to Einstein's theory, by the more conservative physicists, that it is too "philosophical." The Newtonian system appeals more, they think, to common sense: one does not have to assume, they imagine, any philosophy in particular in order to be a Newtonian. Einstein very neatly reversed the tables, so far as this particular plea is concerned. The notion of "acceleration" as it exists in the Newtonian dynamics assumes, he pointed out, an absolute space with respect to which the acceleration is measured. On his own theory accelerated motion, like uniform motion, exists only in reference to other bodies. He deals throughout, as he remarked with emphasis, only with *physically observable things*. He makes no assumptions regarding an inaccessible absolute space; he expresses all phenomena in terms of things that are accessible to observation. On this fundamental point, therefore, it is his opponents who are the metaphysicians, and Einstein who is rigidly matter-of-fact. The unsatisfactory nature of the Newtonian assumption had been pointed out by Mach, but he had failed to provide an effective substitute.

Another remark which excited exceptional interest was Einstein's assertion that space may be regarded as "closed"—finite. The mathematical reasons for this belief are rather technical, being concerned with the "boundary conditions" of Einstein's differential equations, and perhaps it is only in that language that this property of space is intelligible. Crude analogies can be given: a sphere, for instance, is a finite but unbounded surface; but, in truth, this doctrine of the finiteness of space is a matter for the logical rather than for the imaginative faculties. It can be shown, however, that if space is infinite, then matter cannot be distributed throughout it. The observed relative motions of the stars are mathematically impossible on the assumption of an infinite material universe. An island of matter, surrounded by infinite space, might be possible on the older conceptions, but the Einsteinian doctrine of the dependence of space on matter leaves no place for this possibility in his theory.

The reception accorded to Einstein's lecture, great as were its merits as an exposition, marks, surely,

a definite turning-point in the post-war feeling of this country. Science and the arts have no frontiers, it is true, but this truth, like so many others, was easily denied in the general inflammation of the war period. The recognition of the obvious is a sign of returning sanity, and we may reasonably hope for the gradual establishment of the pre-war level of common sense now that an Austrian artist like Fritz Kreisler and a German man of science like Albert Einstein are eagerly listened to and enthusiastically applauded in the capital of a late belligerent country. The attitude of men of science, English as well as German, was not wholly free from reproach during the war, but the Eclipse expedition and the present welcome show that the claims of genius will not be denied. The admiration of genius is at least as deep in human nature as is the desire to injure an enemy. Our outlook on life, our power of distinguishing the excellent from the base, have been long enough warped and vitiated by the latter impulse. It looks as if sweet sanity and a sense of proportion are on the way to be established by the former.

Letters to the Editor.

A RADICAL REVIVAL.

SIR.—I read with interest the appeal of my friend Mr. Gardiner in your columns, and I confess to considerable disappointment at the result. In the spring of 1894 I was in Sheffield and I attended a meeting addressed by the late Keir Hardie. The Liberal Government was in power, with Mr. Fowler, if I recollect aright, at the Local Government Board. Hardie devoted his speech to criticism of the Local Government Board—emphasizing its defects, no doubt numerous, but ignoring the fact that the working classes almost in the first exercise of their franchise had placed the Tories in power for six years in 1886 and made the Local Government Board what it was. Hardie, in urging the formation of the Independent Labor Party, assured them that in a few years the Independent Labor Party would be sufficiently strong to hold the political balance and to enforce their will in legislation. That was in 1894, yet, despite the tragedy of intervening years, I heard the same opinion expressed by one of the Labor leaders—no longer in the House of Commons—a few months ago; whilst another ex-M.P. only last autumn assured me that he would prefer to see the poor still suffering, and injustice prevail for twenty years, rather than agree to a political compromise. Mr. Ponsonby's letter in THE NATION some months ago left much the same impression on my mind.

I do not doubt the sincerity of their convictions nor their sympathy with the poor, but may I say that I do not understand how anyone, and still less those who do not personally share the suffering caused by our home and foreign policy, can be content merely to advance theories which may or may not fructify twenty years hence, and refuse to secure by any form of co-operation the relief, though small, which may be immediately obtained by an agreement between the various elements of the Progressives of the country.

I understand the insistence of the Tories on political agreement; even the Prime Minister has had to sacrifice his cherished ideals to secure their support. In maintaining and conserving rights and privileges, agreement is easy, though essential.

But does anyone with any practical knowledge of politics suggest that complete agreement is, at any time, possible amongst Progressives? That seems to me to be the one fact which the Labor Party ignore. Even Mr. Laski apparently thinks that the view of Lord Gainford on the mines affords a reason why Labor and Liberal should continue to refuse to co-operate. Political wisdom, and certainly business experience, teaches one to accept assistance from wherever it comes to secure the end in view, so long only as in so doing no principle is sacrificed. So many of my old colleagues now adorn the House of Lords that I do not know them by their titles, and consequently

I am not sure of the identity of Lord Gainford. But assuming he agreed with Mr. Laski on foreign policy—on what our attitude should be towards the militarist designs of France—is it politically wise to refuse his co-operation because he may disagree on, say, the nationalization of the mines? Yet, as I understand it, that is the position of a large number of my friends in the Labor Party. Such an attitude can result in nothing but the political sterility which dogged the steps of Keir Hardie.

To some the future of the country has but a theoretical interest. Their personal comfort is assured. But to the overwhelming mass of the people—men, and especially the women—it is fraught with the gravest consequences. The number of unemployed has already reached an appalling figure. Want and suffering, nay, death itself, are stalking our industrial areas. Even the settlement of the coal dispute will not materially affect our financial position. We are all agreed as to the immediate political remedy—the present Government must go. If a new Government is formed it is obvious that its legislative output would be small even were the House of Lords out of the way, instead of, as it is at present, gaining in intellectual and political influence. But a new Government would, in any event, stop waste, infuse some moral principle into our foreign policy, stop the bloodshed in Ireland, and at least prevent any increase in that bureaucratic deadweight against which democracy will unpleasantly strike its head ere it exercises political power.

Are not these in themselves worth striving and even sacrificing some long-cherished opinions for?—Yours, &c.,

ELLIS W. DAVIES.

National Liberal Club.

ULSTER AND IRISH UNITY.

SIR.—I read in your publication of last week a letter under the heading of "Ulster and Irish Unity," and I feel I cannot allow the statements made therein to pass unchallenged. The writer states that 90 per cent. of the Protestant population of N.E. Ulster is Orange. The assertion is, I am sure, made in all sincerity, seeing the writer lives in Lurgan, but nevertheless it is not a true statement of fact. The results of the recent elections in the North, at the first glance, may give one this impression, but these cannot be taken as a true reflection of the mind of the electorate. Owing to the sharpness of feeling of the rival parties and the bigotry of the Orange element, Protestant anti-Partitionists, in this "free and open election," dare not make a move towards educating the people regarding the question actually before them—viz., Partition or anti-Partition. The Orange Party intended, by hook or by crook, to have their nominees elected, and to this end used every means—intimidation, &c.; and the polling of electors from South Africa, America, and even from "beyond Jordan" was a common thing. The population in the North is not so overwhelmingly Orange as outsiders might be led to believe. This institution's strength lies in the fact that it is the only Protestant political organization which is really kept organized. But it should be remembered that this institution is kept alive by the old Landlord Party as a voting machine to be used solely for their own selfish ends. The rank and file of the Orangemen, through sheer lack of intelligence, have always allowed their institution to be used as "a stepping-stone to higher things," not for themselves, but for the place-hunting crowd who manipulate it. There never was a clearer illustration of this than the election just past, for surely it would be impossible to recall such a wild scramble for the "honey pots" of place as was witnessed here on that occasion.

As to the real attitude of thinking Protestants in the North towards Orangeism, I should say these, at least 50 per cent. of the whole, would transfer if possible, with infinite pleasure and a sigh of relief, the whole Orange organization to the wilds of Central Africa, the only place on earth for which its demonstrations were ever suited. They would be glad thus to shift the greatest blot from Protestantism in Ireland, and at the same time rid Ireland from the greatest power for retarding progress that ever held sway in any civilized country.

The writer goes on to say that N.E. Ulster would shed the last drop of its blood rather than tolerate it—a Parliamentary union of North and South. It is apparent he has

been "reading history with one eye closed." Does he remember such a thing as the Ulster Covenant? Did not these Orangemen swear on it as solemnly as men could, some in their frenzy signing their names with their own blood, that never would they accept Home Rule or desert their fellow Unionists in the South or even in any part of Ulster? Now we find that solemn Covenant thrown to the winds without compunction, and it is in vain we search to find, in the ranks of the party who would fight to the last ditch, even one Minstrel Boy who would sing to his Southern friend:—

"Though all the world betray thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

To their own everlasting disgrace and to the disgust of their fellow Unionists in the South, this party almost left themselves behind in their mad rush to embrace a ludicrous Home Rule Bill and to establish a comic-opera Parliament which, so long as it lasts, will only stand as a monument to their own stupidity.

And after all we remember said about the Pope and Popery, we find the New Parliament being officially opened by one who is known in the Orangeman's phraseology as a "Papish"—the King's representative on that occasion being a faithful son of the Roman Catholic Church.

Is anything impossible to expect from the Orange Party after this—even Parliamentary Union with the South?—Yours, &c.,

THINKING PROTESTANT.

County Antrim. June 14th, 1921.

SIR RICHARD MARTIN'S KNIGHTHOOD.

SIR,—"A Wayfarer" may be entitled to protest against the summary way in which the official Birthday Honors list described the recipients, but I think he ought to know, with regard to Sir Richard Martin, "ex-Mayor of Swansea," that the knighthood is conferred upon a man, long past the allotted span, who has given his whole life to public service, and to whom we in West Wales are indebted, more than to anybody else, for the establishment in Swansea of a constituent college of the University of Wales.

Sir Richard Martin is a great deal more to West Wales than "ex-Mayor of Swansea."—Yours, &c.,

J. D. W.

Swansea. June 13th, 1921.

THE WORKS OF HERMAN MELVILLE.

SIR,—Melville is certainly returning, bringing his sheaves with him.

"H. M. T." commends the suggestion to Americans that "crowds of us over here" are awaiting a monograph, as weighty and detailed as it can be made, on Herman Melville.

It so happens that an American, perhaps he with whom Mr. Michael Sadleir spoke, a University Professor of English, has in hand precisely such a volume, undertaken with the generous co-operation of Melville's descendants. The author has had access to "a considerable body of biographical material—letters, journals, legal documents, a bulk of unpublished manuscripts. Of this last there is a sea-novel, finished in 1891, the year Melville died, a dozen sketches and sea-stories, and two volumes of poetry. This material has been vastly illuminated by the personal recollection of people now living who knew Melville—relatives, friends, and intimate enemies."

The book may be expected late in this year or early in 1922.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK PAGE.

12, Duckett Road, Harringay, N. 4.

June 13th, 1921.

THE LABOR PARTY AND THE KEY INDUSTRIES BILL.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a paragraph in your last issue in which it is indicated that my Labor colleagues walked out of the House when I rose to speak on the Safeguarding of Industries Bill last week.

May I say that that is absolutely incorrect? If your suggestion is that because a few left for tea, they did so

because of Party policy or because of a lack of confidence in me, I can only say that there is no foundation for either statement.

On the contrary, my colleagues have been kind enough to nominate me on innumerable occasions to represent them in debate, and from all of them I have received nothing but the greatest personal kindness and public support.

I have no doubt you will kindly publish this letter in your next issue.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM GRAHAM.

[Of course, we entirely accept Mr. Graham's statement, and are very glad to believe that the cause of his friends leaving the House was as he says. We understand that the impression of several members of the Liberal Party that the attitude of the Labor members to the Industries Bill was in any way due to an understanding with the Government on free railway travel is also unfounded.—ED., NATION AND ATHENÆUM.]

A POEM.

SIR,—THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of March 12th, 1921, has just reached me, and I find that the poem "Twilight Walk, Peking," which you publish under my name, is not the one I wrote, but contains substantial alterations, which destroy what was, to my mind, the chief point of the poem—namely, certain peculiar and suspended rhythms.

I should be very much obliged if you would state that the poem you published was substantially altered from that which I sent.

I have never understood that editors arrogated to themselves the right to alter poems submitted to them.—Yours, &c.,

DORA W. BLACK.

Government University, Peking.

April 30th, 1921.

[We cannot accept Miss Black's statement that the poem in question was substantially altered. The authoress was at a great distance, and communication was impossible if the poem was to appear in reasonable time. The changes introduced were slight. However, it would certainly have been better to publish the poem exactly as we received it.—ED., NATION AND ATHENÆUM.]

Poetry.

HIGH SHORES.

From the water's edge
High shores sweep up,
The curve of a great shell
Laid open to the sky.
A great shell, stained and pitted,
Holding in its iridescent
Purple and orange and black
Eternities of windless sun.

High shores leaning over quiet water
Curving slowly to the sky,
Topped with the green
Of twisted arbor vīta—
How long have they peered down
Into the quiet water,
These old trees?
How much do they know
Of this rock shell
They hug so fiercely?
What do they see of the fleeting
Glint of water shadows?

Oh minnow!
What do these high shores,
What do these gaunt arbor vīta,
Know of you and me?

BERNARD RAYMUND.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

HOPES that the coal dispute and wage disputes in other leading industries are nearing a settlement seem to have led to the recrudescence of belief in a meteoric trade revival. Unfortunately sudden recovery in trade is even more unlikely than an English victory in the Test Matches. The settlement of industrial disputes would be followed immediately by a revival of confidence; but it is plain that the widespread havoc wrought by the long coal stoppage cannot be repaired in the twinkling of an eye, and the commercial and manufacturing revival, of which there is good ground for hope, must come very gradually for the present. Of what the coal dispute has done to national trade and finance we are just beginning to obtain a vague idea. Parliament has been presented with a Supplementary Estimate of £15 millions as the first instalment—and only the first, it is to be feared—of the cost to the Exchequer arising out of the dispute and the Government's activities in connection therewith. This initial bill, and the sadly impaired revenue prospects to which I referred last week, suggest that the Budget estimates are already worth little, and the taxpayer's outlook grows gloomier. The May overseas trade figures provide an illustration of the effects of the coal trouble. Total exports in May were £50 millions, against £75½ millions in March (the last full month before the coal stoppage began), and £139½ millions in May, 1920. Imports (which include an unwonted item of £1½ millions for coal) were only £7 millions lower than in March. The visible excess of imports last month was £9 millions worse than a year ago, and it is fairly obvious that the optimistic forecasts made in January as to the movement in the British trade balance in 1921 will have to be revised. That is another serious effect of the coal stoppage, from the financial point of view. It is a consideration that will presumably affect the course of sterling exchange. In this connection it may be noted that the £ in New York is steadier at about \$3.78½, the operations which led to its sudden depreciation having apparently ceased for the moment.

MEXICAN HOPES AGAIN.

One is almost weary of discussing a revival of hopes of better times for holders of Mexican securities. So often such hopes have been raised, only to prove premature and illusory. Therefore, experience teaches us to take hopeful news from Mexico with a pinch of salt. Nevertheless the hope that is now dawning really appears to have more justification. Cables from Mexico City report an official statement that on July 1st the Mexican Government will resume payment of interest on their foreign debt, which has been in default for about seven years, and that, in order to meet the obligation, plans are framed for increasing the national revenue by £2½ millions. If this long default is really ended on July 1st, it will be the first tangible result of the efforts which President Obregon has been making, since his assumption of office, to demonstrate his intention to observe the rights of foreign investors. Mexico is, of course, in critical need of fresh loans from abroad, and it must have been made painfully obvious to the President that, if Mexico is to receive fresh credit in Europe or the United States, the determination to accord just treatment to existing investors must first be proved beyond all doubt. In the force of that argument lies the best hope for Mexican bondholders. As to what composition or compensation they may be offered for their heavy interest arrears no definite information is available at the moment, and bondholders should not at this stage build their hopes too high. A point which is engaging the attention of the investor is that one of the means by which Mexico's revenue is to be increased is by an export tax on oil. It would not seem unlikely that a large share of the taxation necessary to meet foreign obligations will fall upon the oil industry, in which again the British investor is largely interested.

MONEY AND STOCKS.

Monetary conditions remain easy, though credit is not quite so abundant as the end of the half-year approaches. Press exigencies compel me to write before to-day's Bank Rate decision is known. A reduction was confidently anticipated a few days ago; but no surprise will be felt now if the Bank authorities await the official result of the coal ballot before making a change. "Idler than ever; the public refuse to take any interest in anything with the slightest tinge of speculation," is the formula by which the stock market position this week has been summed up by a broker. Mexican bonds have improved a little on the news referred to above, but it is seldom that the markets generally show less sign of life than they are doing just now.

Two large Australian Government loans have been before the public this week, South Australia asking for £3,000,000 and Tasmania for £2,000,000, and each offering the same terms—namely 6½ per cent. at par and redemption 1930-40. Last week's issues by Glasgow and Sheffield were quickly over-subscribed, but on being quoted this week did not command a premium. Borrowings by British corporations have been heavy of late, but probably there will be a lull in this respect in the next few months. The lists open on Monday for the Burmah Oil Company's issue of 3,000,000 8 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each at par. Strictly speaking, no oil venture, I suppose, can be held to be free from some considerable degree of speculative risk. But these preference shares are well covered, and about as attractive perhaps as any preference share of this class could be.

BLEACHERS' LOWER PROFITS.

A few weeks ago I was drawing attention to the lower earnings of textile concerns, as exemplified by the reports of the Fine Cotton Spinners and other companies. The same feature is shown by the accounts for the year ended March 31st last of the Bleachers' Association—a company with over £7,000,000 of capital. This concern shows trading profits of £899,151, against £1,202,241 a year ago; but repairs and maintenance (deducted before trading profits are struck) claim over £100,000 more than last year, and the latest trading profit figure is the second best recorded. Net profits at £514,535 compare with £813,580 in the previous twelve months. It is stated in the report that, after deducting all charges prior to debenture stock interest and preference share dividends, profits were equivalent to 7.12 per cent. on the capital employed. In the previous year the proportion of profits to capital employed was 10.88 per cent., and the decline to 7.12 per cent. illustrates clearly the change that came over the industry last year. Nevertheless, judged by reasonable standards, the Company has again enjoyed a good year, and the 10 per cent. dividend paid—which compares with 20 per cent. a year ago—is at the same rate as in 1918-19 and higher than in any of the previous dozen years.

SOME HOME TRUTHS.

The report of Richardson, Westgarth & Co. issued this week says: "It will be difficult to get further orders until the cost of production has been considerably reduced with regard both to materials and wages." The British Engineers' Association states: "Although the world is in urgent need of vast supplies of products of engineering industry, to make good the losses due to the war and increase the future rate of wealth production, these supplies cannot be ordered until prices are brought within the purchasing power of the customer. This applies even to the home market, where many big schemes are being held in a state of suspense because of the prohibitive cost of carrying them into execution at present prices." A famous firm of locomotive builders in its annual report complains that business is lost through the inability to guarantee punctual delivery. These various statements illustrate certain obstacles insufficiently considered by those who are prophesying a sudden and spectacular trade recovery.

L. J. R.



THE WORLD
H. M. S.
SHORT S.
Birds
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REVIEWS
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THE ATHENÆUM



No. 4755.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1921.

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The World of Books.

Books that discourse generally on English literature, and on what to read, and how to read economically and systematically so that one may become a scholar directly; and books on how to become a writer, and even a successful writer, continue to arrive in so regular a stream that it is fair to suppose they supply a market where the demand is brisk and continuous. It is very mysterious. Where is that market? In what pleasant, sunny, and populous valley is it placed? On the banks of what bright river? Its natives must speak English in their homes; it is fair to assume that. But who are they, and how do they make their presence known, and under what bond of secrecy with the publishers? They wish, no doubt, to be apart from the world, to keep from contamination, to remain faithful to the pure well. It cannot be in their market-place that "the largest circulations" are made; they have no taste for that popular matter manufactured every day for the newsagents. They refuse, as it were, to defile that pure well of native English with sheep-dip. On the other hand, this devotion to "the best that has been done," which goes, so we may gather, with a strong inclination to do a little of something like it themselves, does not prevent these numerous but shy lovers of English literature from strangely neglecting what few young writers we have who know there is a great tradition, and are trying to keep in its direct line; for surely it cannot be that here again, even in letters, the commentaries and arguments on the gospel find more favor than the gospel itself.

* * *

YET it may be so. Here is another book on "The Writer's Art," selected and arranged by Professor R. W. Brown (Humphrey Milford). Its sub-title is "By Those who have Practiced It"; for Professor Brown has gone to the writers themselves for a disclosure of the mystery. He gets Stevenson, Hazlitt, Emerson, Frank Norris, Poe, Conrad, Thoreau, de Maupassant, "Q.," Schopenhauer, and other artists, to tell us what they suppose must be that rare and happy incidence of qualities and circumstances from which fine writing comes; or at least what some of the qualities essential to good writing must be, even though they cannot tell what stellar conjunction is needed, what vitalizing luck of season and event, to quicken the powers of the artist, and force him to evoke the surprise and wonder of his fellow men in the way that the writing on the wall attracted the attention of Nebuchadnezzar.

IT is an interesting, if not really a helpful book to young readers who wish also to be writers. Its message to them, properly understood, is like that other to the multitude with its cheering information that it was the pure in heart who would see God. For who are the pure in heart? And how shall a humble man know that he is chosen to enlighten his fellows with the written word? That what he dreams is the foreshadowing of a nobler society, that his dream is superior to dominant appearances, and more closely resembles the secret reality? It is not always easy to discriminate between an act of faith and an act of impudence. Therefore a reader of "The Writer's Art" must make up his mind whether the acceptance of its special lessons, as though they were addressed to him, is cheek on his part, or comes through the faith of a man who will accept art and its almost inevitable poverty.

* * *

ALL the great men who in this book advise the young on the way good writing is done insist first, it is worth noting, on having something to say and on sincerity. It seems curious that they should have thought it worth while to point it out. It is rather like confessing to an athlete that, in order to win a race, he must first be able to run, and then that he should never make a deal with the backers of a rival. For the rest, one searches in vain in the volume for the true way to be a genius. It is all very well for Guy de Maupassant to tell us of the discipline to which he compelled himself in order to write short stories. But how shall we write them? He says: "The least object contains a little of the unknown. Let us find it. In order to describe a fire that flames and a tree on the plain, let us stay in the presence of that flame and that tree until they have ceased to resemble, for us, any other tree or any other fire. It is in this manner that one becomes original."

* * *

Is it? Then the game is up. We shall never see that fire or that tree but as they are within our own gift of sight. Looking at the objects for any length of time won't alter that. Most of the authorities, too, have something to say about "style." But it will not be referred to here. I don't know what it is—nor, apparently, do the authorities. But they all seem to have made up their minds that if it is not, as Shaw once called it, "a pleasant parlor game," at the same time it is not a vehicle deliberately devised and shaped in which our ideas are then cast. The master mind, one gathers, makes the style with the thought, and is not conscious of what it is doing. There it is, simply, when it is done.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, I got more while reading "Q." in this book than I did when reading—say, Ruskin. This sent me to refer again to his critical books—forgotten, I fear, by modern intellectuals—"From a Cornish Window" and "Essays in Criticism." I know now why I kept those books. I shall keep them for some time longer. And I know wherein "Q.'s" words about literature differ from much criticism that we get to-day. Schopenhauer tells a writer that "his aim should be to attract and hold the reader's attention." It seems so simple. In truth, it is so very hard. But "Q.," evidently, was born with that faculty.

H. M. T.

Short Studies.

BIRDS IN MARSHLAND.

II.*

THE birds of the seaboard marshes are a little like the dolls of "La Boutique Fantasque." In dancing troops and units they pour in and out of the bare, grassy stage circled by the painted shapes of trees and farms, animated dolls pirouetting before our eyes, and then vanishing. But we are aware that there are "sounds on the other side of silence," and an orderly, inscrutable, inner life among these birds, into the enchantments of which there is no crossing, shrouded as it is by the darkness of our understanding and by those twelve strokes of magic which, if we could but hear them, charm the casements open. The Psalmist wrote, "unsearchable are Thy ways," and no calculation of cause and effect, no stairways of logic, lead us into the place where dolls turn fairies. But we know it is there, as the beggar in his chrysalis clout dreams himself the Purple Emperor, and we read birds as we do books in order to discover by the symbols of letters and wings the way into a region where there are a sudden freedom and release, dancing for plodding, singing for speaking.

It is common in autumn to see many birds of different species at table among the scarlet berries of the rowan, chattering, fluttering gaily among the foliage, and so gathered into the life of the tree that it seems to murmur and sparkle with a radiant new birth of leaves, of a quicker life than its own. The marshland is more reticent, but to the wanderer over its featureless surface it appears to watch for and rejoice in the winged life of its solitudes and to absorb these bright children into them with the dumb intensity and magnetic force of a grim father's passion for his faylike daughter, a Valjean's for his Cosette. April and September are the signal months for the great migratory flights of the dunlin, chestnut-backed, with a black patch on the lower breast in spring, and ash-grey and white when the nuptial dress is cast, the most commonly distributed of all the Limicole about our shores. The afternoon sun leans its rays into the repose of the marshes, when suddenly one of these tremendous floods of life surges over them, sweeping down in the distance like a cloud detached from the sky, an invasion of Valkyrie with all the wild discipline and exultation of speed and none of the menace or terror. The little birds approach over the water in a dense column of perfect order, in a humming volume of a sea-like monotone, accompanied by a soft purr from thousands of throats. Then, as though they swam into the spell of an influence breathed like a perfume from the brown flats beneath them, the determination of their course is stayed, and, swerving at right angles with a unanimous tilt of the body, flashing a single sheet of white from their breasts, they fall into a compact ballet of movement a few feet from the ground. Changing pattern, direction, color, and formation with every turn, each individual yet keeps the same distance from his neighbor, the same momentum, and the same angle of the body, as though pulled hither and thither with lightning rapidity from the ends of an infinite number of invisible and equidistant threads, all radiating from a common point. Thus they cut one design after another out of the fabric of space—three thousand leaderless birds executing intricate movements with the single cohesion of one body, supported upon one pair of wings, a thing more wonderful than a single thought issuing from the collaboration of a myriad brain-cells, since the myriad contained in one body have found subtle contact with those of thousands of other bodies as apart, and from that urge of harmonious energy blossoms one flower, dressed in thousands of petals, swaying to and fro in the varying breeze of its own delight and impulse. Thus the dunlin dance the air in chorus, until the marshland pulls them gently to its breast, and they sink into it, breaking up at once into a jargoning crowd of individuals, twinkling and dibbling helter-skelter over the salttings.

* Part I. appeared on May 21st.

The marshes entertain far more birds of passage and migrants than they house residents, and in spring and autumn whole tribes come and go, camping for a few days or weeks, and then away to north and south upon those precise and mysterious journeys to which there are no analogies but the ebb and flow of tides, the revolutions of the seasons, the interplay of light and darkness, and all those complex rhythms and punctuations which magnetize and stabilize the world. Were these marshes blotted out by the desolating hand of man, the lives of millions of travellers, swaying year after year between two poles in obedience to the pendulum of the Universe, would be dislocated, and the echoes rumble in the Arctic as in Abyssinia. They are a junction upon intercrossing lines of migration, and massed hosts, platoons, detachments, parties, and units of curlew, whimbrel, grey, golden, and ringed plover, turnstones, knots, sanderling, geese, widgeon, teal, pintail, mallard, tufted duck, gadwall, gulls, grebes, and in more thronged days, godwits, cranes, storks, spoonbills, stilts, and dotterel—all these and their blood-people are or were welcome to a desert whose bounty is never stinted, nor larder bare, nor rest refused, nor security challenged except by frost and man. And even his cunning fails of that complete dominion which makes a wilderness indeed in other abodes of life, partly through the marshland's intolerance of his presence, and partly through the vigilant self-defence of its children, who, by co-operation and knowledge of his ways, can undo him and his irons, if only they have not children of their own to disarm them of self-preservation. A marsh-gunner will often spend the entire winter months staking his wits, his experience, his cartridges and endurance against a flock of widgeon two thousand strong, who will depart for their breeding grounds in spring but two or three short of their full company.

The character of these wastes changes with the play of light over their surface, and the domestic graces are as appropriate to them as wilder and stormier ones. The heron stands at a bend of the river-bank, gaunt, grey, and ghostly, but as conservative as any punctual city clerk, for this one place and no other is his office, and his eel-fishing has all the homespun routine of the clerk's living. The peewit swings the upper air in wide curves, and, intoxicated with flight, air, love, and freedom, shoots headlong to earth in steep, giddy angles and a blur of broad wings. The ardors of so boundless a franchise have crazed his wits, and in another moment will have driven his spirit out of its crushed tenement altogether. But in that moment he is tripping over the ground like a Russian dancer to his mate on her nest. Various species of duck and wader—including the distinguished sheld-duck, with the polished deference, the "exquisite, old-world courtesy," as the novelists say, of the drakes towards their ladies, occasional pairs of the rare gadwall, and the futurist shoveller, whose huge, spatulate bill "bibbles" the shadows of the creeks, and whose light-blue shoulders soften the brilliance of rich dyes splashed over his stockish body—meadow-pipits, carolling down their air-shoots on unfolded wing and cocked tail, sky-larks, linnets on the borders, leaping the air from a succession of invisible spring-boards and at all angles, yellow wagtails, whose sulphur breasts flash like a yellow eye in the colorless face of the land: these and others make a snug homestead of a marshland which never relaxes towards us.

Mallard nest fairly plentifully among the thicker grasses of the flats. The drake's moult, when he puts on his wife's dress and languishes in retirement unable to fly, like an effeminate poet, precedes that of the "grey duck" (as the females are unaccountably known in Suffolk, the plumage being a tawny brown) by some weeks. There is an odd physiological discord in this early moult, for the drake, one of the most solicitous of family birds, is powerless to feed, guard, and educate his numerous brood when his services are most needed. But Nature is seldom at a loss to rectify her own lapses, and I think that mallard are gradually antedating their breeding period, the devotion and accomplished parts of the duck in freely offering her life to divert the danger from her nestlings being of sufficient survival utility until the readjustment is made. At any rate, when the year runs early into green, the nestlings will be about their

own business before their father's eclipse, and in such a year the drakes order their lives to the nicest balance of duty and pleasure. They are as well aware that the guns of the marshmen are put away in the spring, as are the whimbrel that they must not fly over turf walls, however hard pressed, and the wild geese of the Norfolk coast when it is Sunday. Accordingly, they club together into gay river-parties, leaving their wives at home, not to pick up a living, but to take the air, to converse, and to recreate themselves in bachelor society. These informal ties are sometimes more intimate, and I knew of two drakes who were inseparables and brought their respective families down to the same creek within a few paces of each other, wandering off and returning home together, two minds with but a single thought. The creek was quite bare of protective vegetation, a bald mud-channel, with a few isolated grasses strayed over the banks, and the brood of one of these mallard pairs was eleven strong. After the duck, by posture, voice, and crippled flight, had entreated her "Take me, take me!" I looked steadily at her ducklings, from four feet away, in their vests of buff and brown, with a few decorative strokes of white and black, and they were not. They were blank, void, conjured out of existence, and when I had painfully charmed them back into the concrete through a field-glass, they slipped me once more and popped back in a moment to nothingness. They lay in every position, huddled against the bank, and took my sight away by perfect immobility alone, their indeterminate color and contour blending into the drabs and hummocks of the creek's margin. Thereupon, with an elaborate air of resignation and boredom, I put back my glasses, turned my back, took a step away, and with loud cheeps, fluttered winglets, and outstretched necks they scuttled off full tilt down the creek after their mother. Mr. Coward does not allow for changes of environment demanding a corresponding change of defensive method when he says that ducklings scatter and run on discovery, as they do in circumstances when they can hide. In bird-life instinct and intelligence frequently co-operate to the same end in the same action, and an animal intelligently works upon the raw material of a physiological condition, inducing through fear a physical paralysis imitating the symptoms and appearance of death, just as Victorian ladies adapted, regulated, and developed a capacity to swoon to their own convenience. So these ducklings, primed by their mother to sham that merciful suspension of life which natural selection has fostered in so many species for its survival value. She, their mother, knew of that other parent whose silent and enduring love would not betray its own—the marshland, that hides and wraps them into the bosom of its very self, safe from all harms.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

Reviews.

A LOSS TO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The English tense-system is complicated and often misunderstood. Our grammar books deal but little with it, and not always intelligently. The Greek scholars, following a traditional way, are apt to give in their grammars false equivalents for the Greek originals. It is worth while considering the English perfect and pluperfect tenses, the more that one class of our verbs is in danger of losing the right forms and consequently being left with only one expression for two essentially different notions. Indeed, the wrong usage already causes a misunderstanding of some passages in the Elizabethan dramatists.

The Greek perfect, which seems to be the true Indo-European perfect, usually a single word, but because of phonetic difficulties occasionally two, expresses two notions, whereof one is more prominent than the other. Its time is present, for its chief meaning is the present position of the subject of its sentence, but it also implies the act which has brought that position about. It has often been observed

that, whereas Greek writers somewhat eschew the passive voice in other tenses, they often use it in the perfect and pluperfect, but it does not appear that any reason for this has been suggested. The truth is that in these tenses there is a distinction of meaning between the active and the passive. Thus what in the active means in Greek "you have done the deed and must take the consequences" means, if turned into the passive, "what you have done is now an accomplished fact." This, as shall be shown, throws light on some passages in Shakespeare. Occasionally, both in Greek and in Latin, the less prominent meaning of the perfect disappears, and you get what grammarians absurdly call a preteritive verb, perfect in form, but in meaning only present. Thus the Greek verb which once meant "I have seen and therefore I know" came to mean merely "I know," and the Latin verb which once meant "I have called to mind and therefore have in mind" came to mean merely "I remember." The past sense was never the predominant sense, and the name of preteritive is wrong in implying that it was. Unhappily the Latin verbs all lost either the perfect or the aorist, and the surviving form had to do the work of both tenses.

Now in English the true auxiliary verb in the perfect active of a transitive verb is "have," and so far our grammars, both English and Greek, are accurate. "I have cut my finger." When a man says this, he indicates the present condition and implies the act which brought the condition about. The same auxiliary may, however, be used in quite a different sense. "I have cut my finger a dozen times, but there is no scar." Here we have no perfect, but an aoristic use. The word "aorist" means undefined. Our grammarians, so much less able than the Greeks to think upon language, have substituted for it the term "past definite." The tense does not state whether the effect of the act continues or not. "I sent him a book." We are not told whether he still has the book or not. Originally the aorist seems to have indicated what has just happened, while the tense of narrative was, as often in Greek, the imperfect. This is natural, for the earliest writers thought of themselves as speakers, and spoke as eye-witnesses of what they related. The Greek word for "to read" means, if unqualified, to read aloud.

Now of the active perfect, "the boy has broken his leg," grammars give as the passive "the boy's leg has been broken." In fact we do not speak so. What we say is "the boy's leg is broken." A Greek distinguished, and accurate Englishmen distinguish, between the meanings of the sentence with an active and of the sentence with a passive verb. We say "the boy has broken his leg" when we think of his condition as a disabled creature; we say "the boy's leg is broken" when we think of the limb as a thing to be made whole. Often, when the agent is of no moment, we substitute an adjective for the participle, whether the corresponding verb is transitive, as "the door is open," or intransitive, as "the horse is dead."

Unfortunately, such forms as "is broken" may also have that sense of the present tense which indicates habitual action. Thus of "he breaks the spell whenever he speaks" the passive form is "whenever he speaks the spell is broken." Even more unfortunately, such forms as "I have broken" may also be used in a sense which is not perfect at all. When I say "I have broken my spectacles" it is a perfect, for I imply that they are still out of action; but if I say "I have often broken my spectacles, but always got them repaired," the spectacles are not stated to be out of use.

Now there is one class of intransitive verbs which in good English have two different forms to express these two notions. They are the verbs which express the movement of a body, such as "come," "go," "fall," "rise." The right auxiliaries for the true perfects and pluperfects of these verbs are the forms of the verb "be." Of course, with "gone" as the participle the perfect in the first person can have none but a prophetic sense, as in the magnificent "We are gone" with which Paulina, in "The Winter's Tale," herself assuming royalty, crushes King Leontes. The true use is familiar to us in the Authorized Version of the Bible and in Shakespeare: "To see the nakedness of the land ye are come"; "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" "With him is Gratiano gone along"; "Who struck this heat up after I was gone?"

"He is not here, but is risen." Children still delight in the story of the man who dropped his watch in a wood and two days later going to look for it found that it was—"Still going, sir?" "No, it was gone." None the less there is nowadays a tendency to substitute the verb "have" for the verb "be." Sometimes the substitution seems to be deliberate, though it is none the better for that. Thus when the ghost in Bret Harte's skit on Bulwer-Lytton says "I am come," the Boy-Neophyte replies: "You should say 'I have come'; it's better grammar." Better grammar it is not, for the tense is the perfect. A study of Shakespeare will show us that the old usage was quite clear. Thus I am asked where Smith is, and I reply "He is gone to Rome." This is a perfect; but with another meaning, when we are not referring to the present position of the subject, the auxiliary verb is "have." Thus we say "Smith has often gone to Rome, but never seen Tivoli." Evidently the language suffers loss on the lips of those who use "has gone" in both senses.

Take now the instances in Shakespeare where "have" is used with "come" and "gone." We may ignore cases where "gone" is used for "walked," as nurses still use it and as it survives in "go-cart." Thus Imogen says: "I have gone all night," and the Roman cobbler tells the tribune: "As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handwork." Nor need we deal with metaphorical uses where there is no real motion, like Boult's "I have gone thorough for this piece." Leonato, in "Much Ado about Nothing," uses his verb metaphorically when he says to Claudio:—

"Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart," and there is yet another reason why he cannot say "is," that is why he cannot use the perfect. The perfect would refer to the present condition of the slander and not to what Leonato thinks of, the present condition of Hero's heart. If "heart" were the subject of the sentence, then the perfect would be right: "Her heart is pierced through and through by thy slander."

The three next instances contain verbs which are not true perfects, because they refer mainly to past acts and little, if at all, to the present position. The first, the words of Alcibiades to the senators in "Timon of Athens," is also metaphorical:—

"Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice."

In the next "gone" is used in the sense of "travelled," while a modern would probably use a different verb and the plain aorist. Imogen asks Pisanio why, after travelling so far as to make it possible for him to fulfil the mandate given him and put her to death, he does not do so:—

"Why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand
The elected deer before thee?"

A modern Imogen would probably say, "Why did you come all this distance?"

In the next instance the Player King in "Hamlet" thinks of the course of the sun during the thirty last years, and not of its present position or condition, when he says:—

"Full thirty times hath Phebus' car gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground."

Again, the right auxiliary is, of course, "have" when what would as a statement be expressed by the aorist indicative is put as a hypothesis in the subjunctive, as when, in "Coriolanus," Sicinius says:—

"We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so."

The implied statement is, "he did not go forth consul."

Our last instance is probably not Shakespeare's but Fletcher's, but, as Mrs. Nickleby would rightly say, the principle is the same:—

"All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say and then go home and lose me."
(*"Hen. VIII."*, ii, 1.)

Whether the scene be Shakespeare's or another's, these words of Buckingham on his way to execution are a crucial instance and worth all attention, as showing how much we are like to lose. He might have said "are come," but this would not have been Buckingham as the dramatist conceived

him. His words would then have thanked the people for their presence in the street, and have just implied that they were not always there. The actual words, "have come," mean much more. The emphasis is on the act of coming, and the gracefulness of the gratitude expressed is thereby accentuated. You have left your homes, he implies, you suffer some loss in neglecting your own affairs, you have taken pains to come, it may be, no little distance, and accompanied me along the streets to show your pity for me. So we have the great nobleman at his best. Like the senators of Rome, he needed misfortune to bring out the full greatness of his qualities. And the author expresses all this by a single unemphatic word. All this is lost by those who use "are come" and "have come" as synonymous. Even of the teachers of English literature, how many are there that do not pass the point over? How many have such a living sense of Elizabethan English as to pause even for a moment at the word "have"? Of our Greek scholars how many would instinctively use the aorist and not the perfect in turning the passage into Greek? Indeed, a case could be made out for the use of the narrative imperfect, the better to bring out the sense.

Thus in Shakespeare we have no instance of "have" and "had" with "come" or "gone" as real perfects or pluperfects. Of course, in "he's gone" the clitic word is not "has" but "is." The corrupt usage seems to have arisen (this is not a perfect) partly from metaphorical uses of the verbs and partly from the lazy habit of not distinguishing meanings. The word "fallen" is usually metaphorical in Shakespeare, though even then its auxiliary for the perfect is usually "be," as in Falstaff's "Am I not fallen away?" and in Macbeth's:—

"My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf."

There are six instances of the use of "have," whereof five fall clearly under one or other of the explanations already given. Thus, when Buckingham says, "the net has fallen upon me," he thinks of his own position, not of the position of the net. When Lear asks, "Have I fallen or no?" he thinks of the act of falling, not of his position as fallen. When the clown says that Parolles has fallen into the unclean fishpond, Parolles is present and manifestly not in the pond, though the pond is metaphorical. The case that comes nearest to the line is supplied by the boy in "Henry V.," who says, "he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one" and the rest. The use, however, is metaphorical, and seems to illustrate the source of corruption. With "risen" Shakespeare never uses "have" as an auxiliary.

Wardour Street English affects "hath come" as a perfect tense. This spurious archaism is common in Butcher and Lang's translation of the "Odyssey," and, had that version made such a claim as Chatterton made, might have served as one of several proofs that the work was a forgery.

If the use of "is" and "was" in the perfect of "come" and "go" were already extinct, it would be hard, perhaps impossible to revive it. Happily it is not extinct. It is still the usage of many of our best speakers. In spite of some elementary-school masters, it is still the usage of the peasantry. The village boy has often been taught to say "clerk" and "Durby," when he would naturally say "clark" and "Darby," but in some parts of the country his idiom keeps a correctness which his pronunciation loses. Masters in secondary schools have the matter in their hands, if they chose to think so. Unhappily their own usage is not always right.

JOHN SARGEANT.

THE CASE FOR PARLIAMENT.

Parliament and Democracy. By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.
(Parsons. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. MACDONALD's pamphlet is too short to be decisive, and too abstract to be a practical solution of the specific problems of representative government; but it is by all odds the most useful contribution to political science that has been made by an acknowledged leader of the Labor Party for many a long day. It has the real feeling for institutions, the sense of

what makes an institution work, which, for all their knowledge and insight, neither Mr. and Mrs. Webb, nor Mr. Cole display in their analysis of politics. For it is the capital fault in most Labor writing upon the State that it so concentrates upon the industrial background as to lose the perspective of general inquiry. Division of sovereignty, as with Mr. and Mrs. Webb, its distribution, as with Mr. Cole, are equally irrelevant unless they make us convinced that the general aspect of citizenship has a place in their scheme of organization. But the fact is that for all their brilliance they are concerned, not with a theory of the State, but with methods of administration. They write, as the Germans put it, not a *Staatslehre* but a *Politik*, with the result that they solve the capital problems of political science only by evading their ultimate background.

It is the main virtue of Mr. MacDonald's essay that he addresses himself primarily to the facts of that background. Defending the classic outlines of representative government, he is really concerned with answering the case for the functional State. And this he does with great persuasiveness. Man is a producer and a consumer; all political science must begin with that admission. But you cannot construct a State by urging that those aspects are final and evolving a separate governance for each. The root of Mr. MacDonald's plea is his perception that the problems of society are so interdependent as to necessitate a single organ as the ultimate reserve power which can be called into play for their solution. He does not urge a unified administration. Guild Socialism and the argument for devolution have impressed him sufficiently deeply to tempt him into the creation of certain intermediate institutions to satisfy their claims. But he argues that there must be some point in the community at which, for the purposes of law, its whole force may be thrown as against any sectional interest that may attempt the enforcement of its demands. The best instrument for that purpose still seems to him a Parliament. For a Parliament is responsible to the electorate. It provides solutions that are based upon the conflict of opinion. It represents the broad general aspect of men as against the particularistic aspects which alone a purely functional State would express. This particularism, Mr. MacDonald urges, secures its adequate expression in the business of administration. The freedom an engineer or a miner desires in his industrial aspect he must secure in the daily ordering of his factory or mine; ultimate policy touches the community as a whole, not in its industrial aspect merely, but in that loose unity of aspects we call citizenship. From that it would follow that a purely industrial body like a Guilds Congress would not adequately summarize the demands of the State.

That is, it may be urged, a criticism with which the literature of Guild Socialism has not dealt in any satisfactory fashion. Mr. Cole and his followers have so steadfastly concentrated their attention upon the sins (in all conscience obvious enough) of Capitalism that they have missed the secret of that wholeness of personality with which the State concerns itself. They take the fragments of which it is constituted, and give to each a sovereignty. But the fragments are never either so tangible or so discrete as to be capable of operating a sovereignty to public advantage. If we are to be certain of a coal supply, it is only the details of coal production that can be left to a miners' guild; where coal becomes a national question the interests at stake are so diversified that they altogether overleap the problems of production. Even a Guilds Congress cannot settle them; for they touch both domestic and international questions which, on the primary hypotheses of Guild Socialism, are beyond that sphere of representation with which guilds are competent to deal.

And it is precisely here that Mr. MacDonald's assumptions become more relevant to the problems at issue than those of Mr. Cole. The latter, indeed, the more deeply he has studied the nature of social organization, has been compelled to abandon the original simplicity of Guild Socialism. As new aspects of citizenship begin to force themselves upon his attention, he is driven to construct more and more *ad hoc* bodies until his community almost disappears in an incoherent hierarchy of competing councils. That is to neglect, as Mr. MacDonald sees, certain fundamental needs in the building of the State. The first requirement in an institution is that it should be intelligible and simple—

as intelligible and simple as the facts will allow. Mr. MacDonald's argument would meet that need; Mr. Cole's would involve a vast edifice of judicial interpretation of competence which would destroy initiative and paralyze certainty. Mr. Cole is still satisfied with vocationalism; Mr. MacDonald at least understands that beyond vocationalism there is the purpose of that citizenship it is the business of the vocation to serve. And in any ultimate analysis of Guild Socialism it is clear enough that the unified sovereignty it is seeking to avoid would merely be transferred to the judicial body which decided legal competence. In a choice between a court and a responsible legislative assembly all the experience of history is upon the latter's side.

Mr. MacDonald, like Mr. Cole, takes the inadequacy of Capitalism for granted; and his assumptions are built upon the basis of its disappearance. Here, it may be suggested, the literature of right-wing Socialism is far less adequate than that of its left-wing opponents. In almost a plethora of brilliant pamphlets, the Russians have shown us exactly what methods they intend for the destruction of Capitalism. Mr. MacDonald and his allies leave us in a great uncertainty. One can see how the nationalization of the mines will provide a useful index to the future industrial State. One can create for it, as Mr. Justice Sankey did, an organization fitted to the complex needs of a society like our own. But what is to happen if, in the ebb and flow of industrial warfare, the miners abandon their demand for nationalization and accept instead a scheme in which owners and men combine certainly to exploit the coal and possibly to exploit the public? We must wait, Mr. MacDonald would answer, until the result of education shows the miners the wisdom of a return to their earlier attitude. Yet one imagines that a thoroughgoing analysis of Capitalism would show, beyond almost any other feature, the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of making it the parent of an adequate educational system. For what both Liberalism and Labor are suffering from just now is an immensely increased electorate of which the ignorant illiteracy makes it exactly suited to the strategy of Mr. Lloyd George. It can appreciate Sir Thomas Polson and Mr. Bottomley, for their crude generalizations are suited to its intelligence. It cannot understand the far subtler policy of which Mr. Asquith or Mr. MacDonald must make himself sponsor. In the heat and stress of a political conflict it is far easier to promise a German indemnity of enormous size than to explain why the mechanism of international trade makes a minimum indemnity alone possible. Perhaps in the long run the transition may be bridged; but it is worth investigating what temporal limits are at our disposal if we are to avoid disaster. At least the present system sometimes makes it easy to understand why earnest men count even the pangs of revolution worth while if they escape the slow passage Mr. MacDonald must envisage. It ought, of course, to be added that the revolutionists, at least in this country, rarely face the power of those factors likely to give their enterprise an unexpected turn.

EDUCATION AND CHARACTER.

The Education of Behavior. By I. B. SAXBY, D.Sc. (University of London Press. 6s. net.)

Psychanalysis in the Class-Room. By GEORGE H. GREEN, B.Sc. (University of London Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

Child Psychology. Vols. II. and III. By VILHELM RASMUSSEN. (Gyldendal. 5s. 6d. and 4s. net.)

NEVER has popular interest in psychology been so general or so keen as at the present time. Never have books dealing with the mind and motives of human beings poured in such continuous stream from the press. Clearly they are being bought and read, and not by specialists only, but by ordinary men and women. This is very much to the good; indeed, it is one of the best omens in a very ill-omened world. For on a sound understanding of the human mind, and on that alone, can be based sound systems of politics and sound systems of education—that is to say, sound civilization. We waste our time arguing about politics and arguing about education so long as we have come to no agreement as to the

fundamental forces and motives which we propose to utilize, to train, and to organize. That is why so much of our theorizing is sterile.

The four volumes named above may all lay claim to utility, in that they are well-informed and totally devoid of rhetoric and sentimentality, the besetting sins of propagandists in general. Mr. Rasmussen's works are of the nature of documents: their value cannot be overestimated. They are largely occupied with skilful, first-hand observation of the development of the minds of certain specific children. They should be read by every teacher and by every intelligent parent who wishes to play the part of teacher. They are interesting to the fascination point.

Mr. Green's book professes to show the relevance and value of certain parts of the Freudian theory in formal education. It is not a very convincing book, though its presentation of the theory of psycho-analysis is accurate enough. It is doubtful whether a reader not already familiar with modern psychological doctrines would get a very clear idea from this book. Teachers, however, may gather many practical hints, and the illustrations are often relevant and instructive.

Dr. Saxby's "Education of Behavior" is much the clearest, completest, and most readable exposition of the New Psychology of its size that has yet been written. Its style is excellent; and, while there is no playing down to the ill-informed reader, everything is stated so clearly, and the language used is so simple, that it is as easy to read and follow as an essay of Huxley's. It is a book which everyone who proposes to fulfil the functions of teacher, parent, politician, or even useful citizen would be wise to read and master. It will save many a mistake, many a wasted word, and many a wasted hour. It is a perfect illustration of the scientific method and attitude—the method and attitude so sadly lacking in our moralizings and in our politics.

Dr. Saxby takes as the ultimate end of education—and the same, it may be said, is applicable to politics—the production of efficient citizens. And an efficient citizen should be "*able and willing* (1) to keep himself fit and in good condition; (2) to do his share of the world's work; (3) to give his children the necessary care and training; (4) to do his duty to his neighbors; and (5) to occupy his leisure in such a way as to provide a desirable outlet for those of his longings which would otherwise remain unsatisfied."

An entirely sane view is taken of the parts which heredity and environment respectively play in the formation of character and in the manifestations of human life. The natural endowments of the child present, as it were, the sum total of his possibilities, but it depends on the environment how they develop, and far more persons fail through lack of right environment in youth than through lack of inborn ability. We must, all of us, have met, within our own experience, numerous instances of individuals whose innate characteristics are such that, given a slight modification in the influences brought to bear on them at critical stages of their development, they would have turned out altogether different, more desirable and better citizens in every way. Of course, we cannot escape from human nature; but those primordial motives which make up the fundamental elements of human nature are as capable of finding expression and satisfaction in many different ways as is the motive force of the steam-engine or of the water-wheel. The native impulses of the child or of the adult cannot be suppressed without great danger—indeed, in the true sense, it may be said that they cannot be suppressed at all; but it is very largely a matter of training and circumstances which determines, for example, whether the impulse to protect the weak takes the form of mutual co-operation—that is, "sportingness"—or the form of self-assertive and priggish patronage; or whether the impulse to investigate takes the form of scientific research or of the vilest prurience.

Dr. Saxby is especially helpful and interesting in dealing with the relation of education to what are called the "problems of sex." He discriminates between the natural curiosity about our anatomy, and about matters clearly of the greatest interest, on the one hand, and the fundamental impulse to seek a mate, on the other hand. Sentimental educationists generally confuse these two impulses, and consequently argue that if one of these impulses is satisfied the other will disappear.

Naturally, the facts are eternally against them, so they dismiss the facts. Full and complete information on the processes of generation, even with a whole farmyard to illustrate it, in no way diminishes the natural tendency of a bi-sexual animal to seek its mate. Sexual intercourse is not a fruit of ignorance. What intelligent information can do is to cure prurience. Wanton sexuality can only be restrained by the adequate education of the self-respecting impulse, and of the maternal or tender impulse, combined with ample alternative outlets for physical energy and the desire for romance. Although only a small part of Dr. Saxby's book is devoted to this subject, it contains more sound sense on the matter than most books specially devoted to it.

This review can best end with a quotation from the author:—

"Character is the product of so many forces that it is safe to assert that every child of normal intelligence and stability has within him the material out of which a useful member of society could be fashioned in a suitable environment. It would be optimistic to imagine that many young people are actually given the opportunity of making the best of what is within them. Yet every failure means at least as much loss to the community as to the individual. The psychology of behavior teaches us that a community has only itself to blame for the vast majority of its failures and semi-failures, but that this wastage is likely to continue until there is a far more widespread appreciation of the importance of studying the forces which govern behavior."

A WINNOWING OF THE MODERNS.

An Anthology of Modern Verse. Chosen by "A. M." With an Introduction by Robert Lynd. (Methuen. 6s. net.)
Selections from Modern Poets. Made by J. C. SQUIRE (Secker. 6s. net.)

HITHERTO we have been so lulled and smoothed by modern verse collections of the "Georgian Poetry" type, and so bruised and gidded by those of the "Wheels" brand, that a more catholic and representative choice of modern work is both timely and welcome. "A. M.'s" selection is, indeed, rather too catholic, for F. W. Bourdillon, T. E. Brown, Mary Coleridge, John Davidson, Mr. Gosse, Henley, Father Hopkins, Lionel Johnson, Andrew Lang, Meredith, Mrs. Meynell, Richard Middleton, Stevenson, Francis Thompson, Mr. Trench, Sir William Watson, and Wilde, cannot, by any elasticity of term, be plucked for a vase of modern shape, nor, if they are included, is there any just cause or impediment why James Thomson, Synge, John Banister Tabb, Madox Brown, Jean Ingelow, Douglas Hyde, and their contemporaries, and even Swinburne and Morris, should be expelled from it. There are, besides, a fair number of poems, whether by obscure or prose writers or those of a more secure reputation, which come well within range of Mr. Squire's parodies. Mr. Gould, for instance, who for some time wrote pale, derivative verse and then suddenly strode into a strong and original quality, is only represented here by his earlier, trifling, and tunable work. In his slight but pleasant introduction, Mr. Lynd speaks of the volume as conveying "a better idea of the diffuse and ubiquitous riches of recent poetry than any that has yet appeared," and half of that verdict is our own impression. "A. M." reminds us more of a hospitable host glad to receive all and sundry, some to pay a flying call, others to stay to supper, and not too anxious either about the looks of his guests or those who stay away—than a strict examiner of candidates. We shall be advised to take the cue and stroll among the company, halting by those who like us or remind us of old times, and easily avoiding the others, not by any principles or definitions, but simply by the personal preference the heterogeneous nature of the assembly affords us scope to gratify.

Mr. Squire's method is more uniform and severe. The oldest of his forty-five poets was not over fifty when he began to compile his collection in 1919, and though this arbitrarily makes Mr. Hardy, a modern of the moderns, and the Poet Laureate (a great metrical innovator) exiles, we think he is justified, for the sake, if it be possible,

of viewing the poetic achievement of our days as a coherent whole and isolating the ambiguous term "modern" within apprehensible limits. Picking holes in anthologies, which depend upon a relative and individual taste, can be a mere critical recreation, but use should not be confused with abuse, and it is necessary to glance at some flaws in Mr. Squire's proportions before yielding him the tribute we owe for the diligent and competent way he has laid out the poetic landscape in perspective at our doors. We see no good reason, for instance, why he has omitted Mr. Gould and Mr. Joseph Campbell altogether, and by searching the magazines and periodicals of the last ten years he might surely have discovered more single poems by other poets than those given under the names of Frances Cornford, D. H. Lawrence, Ensor, Rose Macaulay, Padraic Colum, Tennant, O'Sullivan, and Martin Armstrong. Mr. Squire tells us in his prefatory note why only two ("Almswomen" and "Gleaning") of Mr. Blunden's most original, and at the same time deeply traditional, poems appear, but others of his inclusions in a volume of nearly 500 pages are less explicable. The selection from Brooke seems rather conventional without his remarkable poem about the fishes' heaven, and though the equal quality of Mr. Davies's work is hard on the anthologist, the richer and fuller tone of his sea and American poems is not properly represented. The omission of "The Bells of Heaven" and "Stupidity Street" from the Hodgson selection (if Mr. Squire had consulted the old files of the "Saturday Review," he would have found a poem of Mr. Hodgson's which has never appeared in book-form and is in some respects the greatest thing he ever wrote), and "The Snare," the most moving poem written for twenty years, from that of James Stephens (all three are included in "A. M.'s" collection), is serious. On the other hand, the filling up with the stereotyped Belloc poems leaves little room for his rarer vein; there is too much of Mr. Sturge Moore, and of Mr. Freeman and Mr. Shanks, while "the metal grace, the graven joy" of Flecker (amply represented) have gone a trifle rusty nowadays. Other examples might be given of where Mr. Squire's lines bulge when they should be reticent and are pinched when they should swell, but there is an excellent balance on the credit side all the same. The selections from Mr. Gordon Bottomley, Mr. Turner, Mr. Nichols, Mr. De la Mare, Mr. Sassoon, and Edward Thomas are particularly good, and Mr. Squire makes no mistake about such individually powerful or impressive or poignant or beautiful poems as Mr. Bottomley's "To Iron Founders," Mr. Davies's "The East in Gold," "Thunderstorms," and "Sweet Stay-At-Home," Mr. Blunden's "Gleaning" ("Almswomen" would be obvious to anybody who had ever read a good poem), Mr. Turner's "Ritual Dance," Mr. Stephens's "The Fifteen Acres," Mr. Nichols's "Sprig of Lime," Mr. De la Mare's "The Listeners," "The Scribe," "Fare Well," and "All That's Past," Mr. Hodgson's "Reason Has Moons" ("The Bull" and "The Song of Honor" are equally obvious), Mr. Sassoon's strange and speaking "Everyone suddenly burst out singing," and a few others which assuredly will go into the baggage of time on its way to posterity. We certainly find Mr. Squire far too generous here and too academic there, but we are not in final doubt as to the fair solidity of his judgment and soundness of his taste.

To inquire whether these modern workmen meet in a common workshop, whether a common poetic denominator of ideas and emotions can be found for them, is a thorny but tempting path to tread. Certainly they do not acknowledge a general poetic formula, like the seventeenth-century poets, and the irregularities of quality are disconcerting. Except Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Blunden, Mr. De la Mare, and Mr. Davies, these poets but rarely write up to themselves. Rather they are poets of single, striking, but not very memorable lyrics, and their other work is more or less an initiation into and falling away from this single achievement. The modern poetic landscape, as Mr. Squire has mapped it out, is dominated by no mountainous figure, and is a tableland of small but abrupt peaks rising in every direction. The reaction from

Victorian sentiment is marked, but there are few positive indications of a new poetic orientation. The modern poet appears to be bold in metrical rather than spiritual experiment, and to be more aware of whence he is coming than whither he is going. The general impression is one rather of timidity than a resolution to appropriate the newly discovered fairylands of science, on the colonization of which depends the true future of poetry. It is doubtful whether romanticism can ever recover from the blows dealt it through the observation of actual phenomena, and it remains for the poet to make of these facts a revelation, a gospel, and a truer reality. That the alchemy and sublimation of facts do exist in modern verse is shown by Mr. Hodgson's "The Song of Honor," which is simply a poem of evolution. And there are signs, howbeit hesitating, that the young poets of to-day are becoming aware that the actual and the particular are the raw material of a visionary truth which can and will outwit the butterfly flights of romance and fancy.

THE MYSTERY OF THE 'NINETIES.

Authors and I. By C. LEWIS HIND. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

A LITTLE while ago I protested against the modern habit of approaching literature by the backstairs of an author's diaries and fragments, and I suppose that, were I a moderately rational animal, I should be moved to wrath by a book which treats the work of sixty modern authors as a direct function (in the mathematical sense) of their personalities. But there happens to be a real modesty in Mr. Lewis Hind's attitude. In his day he was an important literary editor; yet there is no self-intoxicated beating of the tom-tom to the tune of *Quorum pars magna*. Moreover, he is honest; he not only declares that he likes innumerable things that are in my judgment very bad, but he confesses a disliking for a great many things that a well brought-up editor ought to like. In return, I can hardly help liking him.

That, of course, does not carry me so far as to like his book. But I am not actively irritated by it as I have been by another volume of contemporary literary recollections. To be frank, it makes no definite impression upon my mind at all. The anecdotes are forgotten as soon as read. I feel that so many planets swam into Mr. Hind's ken—there are sixty in this book—that he has begun to be a little vague about them. Perhaps he always was vague about them. A drifting mist of bewilderment clings to his pages, "a tiny doubt"—as a negro preacher once exquisitely put it—whether all or any of these sixty were great men. Their appearance at the touch of Mr. Hind's wand is so ghostly that it settles nothing. But then his magic is not very compulsive.

Still, out of it all, we receive the faint taste of a literary period, the same literary period which, when presented from the angle of the "Yellow Book," appears as dark and demoniac. It is very hard to achieve a sense of proportion about a period so unutterably remote as the 'nineties. It has been "Yellow Book" and Wilde now for so long that the legend is established and ineradicable, though the plain fact of literary history must be that it was the time of the beginnings of Wells and Kipling and Shaw and Barrie and Conrad and Bennett. It was really not "Yellow Book" at all; but "Saturday Review" and "National Observer" and "Pall Mall Budget." And then again the only real connection between a person of my generation and that fabulous epoch is given by the illustrations to *Sherlock Holmes*. Small boys of seven and eight read *Sherlock Holmes* in the "Strand" and *Stalky* in "Pearson's." I can also remember—it is high time that we men of thirty became reminiscential—the sprawling signature of Oscar Wilde to a poem on the Luxembourg Gardens in a charity volume that had crept into my home; and it seemed to me extraordinary that a man should sign his name like that. I thought he must be a kind of Prime Minister. But if I consult actual memory, instead of the legend that I have since created for myself, the 'nineties are *Sherlock Holmes* bowling down Baker Street in a hansom-cab. Somehow it seems unlikely that he had either

the "Saturday Review" or the "National Observer" on the seat beside him.

What were the 'nineties? What man of genius will reconstruct them for us, and understand that to half the population of England they are as remote as the Dark Ages? Strange days when the middle classes were the great political power, and youthful writers could go on rebelling against them with the feeling that they were rebelling against something; when Ibsen was a bombshell and Mr. Shaw a portent; when the soul of a nation quivered at Tararaboomdeay; when men said sternly: "Remember Fashoda," and the Empire was conjured into being. This is the mysterious time we long to know, and no one—not even Mrs. Asquith—ever tells us anything about it. It is the thought that I may catch an authentic glimpse of that remote society that carries me through such a book as Mr. Hind's. It will be only a literary glimpse, to be sure; but in the matter of literature alone the period is so utterly confused that one seems as likely to catch the secret there as anywhere else, and to find the central point about which the host of strange phenomena may rank themselves symmetrically.

Alas! Mr. Hind does not help me. It is not his fault; he did not know what I should be looking for, and perhaps, even if he had known, he could not have supplied the story of the unintelligible ballet. It is hard to be sure what is his view of the period as a period of literature. Apparently, literature turned towards life; it became real; it began to deal with ordinary things. But that does not exactly fit the facts. The men of the period are Wells, Kipling, Barrie, and Shaw; not one of these is as real as Gissing, though probably all of them are better writers. They are all romantically minded, distinctly impatient of reality, and all have a streak of genius. They all come into Mr. Hind's book, and perhaps it is because he too is afflicted with a like impatience of reality, without the compensating genius, that it is so difficult to see them through the words of his little essays.

The vague, general impression that Mr. Hind gives is that it was a romantic and slightly sentimental period. That may be Mr. Hind and not the period, of course; but it was the period when a great many of our expensively educated young men thought that Meredith's "Love in the Valley" was one of the finest love-poems in the language. I can give no reason for my belief; but I believe that Mr. Hind's remarks on "Love in the Valley" contain the relics of an enthusiasm that may possibly be historical. There was "Tararaboomdeay" on one hand; and "Love in the Valley" on the other:—

"His mind (writes Mr. Hind of Meredith) in these latter days was alert and vigorous as ever; his sympathy with youth and the coming generation never flagged. 'I suppose,' he said to a friend, 'I should regard myself as getting old—I am seventy-four. But I do not feel to be growing old, either in heart or mind. I still look on life with a young man's eye.' That was so; and he had written in 'Love in the Valley' a poem which stands with Spenser's 'Epithalamion,' and Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' as one of the three finest love-poems in the language. It is the essence of lyric love, half angel and half bird, and it is compact of young-eyed Meredith—he who wrote of Richard and Lucy. Once I knew 'Love in the Valley' by heart. It sings still. Bits come back to me as I write. [Quite a substantial bit comes back here.] And so on, and so on—Meredith's spring song, the song of one who remained perennially young."

A poem that an editor knows by heart must be characteristic of an age. Editors have not the time to learn uncharacteristic poems.

I confess that I find "Love in the Valley" unbearable, more unbearable than Meredith's remark at seventy-four that he still looked on life with a young man's eye. It is the business of an old man to be an old man; to be wise, which a young man never can be. The vision of Meredith attiring himself in his old age as the youthful lover is oddly repellent. Nevertheless, Mr. Hind is evidence that "Love in the Valley" was ranked in the 'nineties as one of the greatest love-poems in the English language. I should like to know also whether the comparison with Spenser's "Prothalamion" is a personal touch of Mr. Hind's. Is that the courage of a period or a man?

"Lovely are the curves of the white owl sleeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one lone star. . . ."

Surely the picture is false and sentimental, and the rhythm rudimentary.

Perhaps if we could recapture the attitude of mind which so intensely thrilled to "Love in a Valley"—how well I understand, in reading that rhapsody, Henry James's contention that Meredith was "pure bourgeois"!—we should recover the lost chord which would give a meaning to the medley. Was it a period of romanticism based on social security? Did nobody—except Mr. Hardy—ever believe that anything terrible might happen? Was it a time when men became lyrical and slightly hiccup after a succession of good dinners? To me, in this remote and unsympathetic present age, there is a curious likeness in tone between Meredith's equivalent of the "Prothalamion" and

"We don't want to fight;
But, by Jingo, if we do. . . ."

Alike they are over-fed and a trifle maudlin, unpleasant, uncivilized.

I am not suggesting that my own generation is any better. It is different; that is all. I could write an indictment of contemporary English civilization which would be savage enough to satisfy any admirer of the 'nineties. But I am restrained by a feeling that those mysterious 'nineties are largely to blame for what has happened since. The feeling is vague; perhaps it can never be substantiated; certainly it cannot be justified out of my knowledge. Still, I feel that the 'nineties were an orgy of middle-class romanticism, and that we are paying for it now. It was a time when the Labor movement was made into an upper-middle-class fad. To my vision (itself, no doubt, highly romantic) the 'nineties begin with the riots in Trafalgar Square. That ugly noise is lost in the far uglier noise of "Tararaboomdeay" and "By Jingo," which rises to the height of pandemonium on a night which is one of my actual memories—the night of the relief of Mafeking. The Union Jacks and the tin trumpets of Mafeking night were the characteristic swansong of the 'nineties. Now, the tumult and the shouting dies, and we, who had no part nor lot in the 'nineties, ruefully listen to what was once the inaudible undertone, the cracking of a civilization that could not remember in what true civilization consists.

That is my romance. Perhaps someone, in pity for my ignorance, will set himself to recreate the reality.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

Foreign Literature.

METASTASIO.

Metastasio. By LUIGI RUSSO. (Bari: Laterza; London: Truslove & Hanson. 14.50 lire.)

It is only right that this study of Metastasio should take its place in the "Biblioteca di Cultura Moderna," for it has long been recognized as one of the best products of the Croce School. Sig. Russo, whose admirable "Vita e Morale Militare" has been reviewed in these columns, sets out to show us Metastasio in relation to his age, and then to separate what is dead from what is living in his poetry, finishing off with an account of his fate at the hands of the critics to De Sanctis and Carducci.

One thing is obvious. No poet was ever a more complete embodiment of his age than Metastasio, not even Tennyson. He is "the traditional type of the Italian literary man, the man with two souls—the literary soul, showy, brilliant, distinguished, active, quite distinct from what I may call the every-day soul, which is poor, commonplace, self-satisfied, fired by no great passion or ideal." The seeds of this divorce were already apparent in the Renaissance, and its results can be easily traced through Ariosto, Tasso, and Marino. It is in a man of this type that the Settecento is most accurately mirrored. The only influence that affected him, against which he may be said to have reacted, is that of his strictly classical, or rather grammatical, lawyer and scholar patron and benefactor, Gravina, and even so the education he received was well fitted to discipline his temperament. The Settecento was the age of *improvvisatori*,

and it was as an *improvvisoratore* that Metastasio leapt into fame as a boy in his teens—a boy as charming as he was handsome. So much the rage did he become that his health was endangered, and he was obliged to give up improvising altogether.

On the death of his patron he toyed with the law for a while, but the law was not for him. The Settecento was the century of gallantry, of *cicisbeismo* rather than of love. The great ladies of Naples soon discovered that their pet *improvvisoratore* was no mere infant phenomenon, that his temperament and his genuine poetic gifts pointed him out as the ideal singer of the great world of his day, and he was in constant demand for poems on all important occasions, such as marriages or births. More than one of the noble ladies who patronized him at this time remained his friends for the rest of their lives. Indeed, it was thanks to the Countess of Althann, to whom he remained a devoted *cavalier serrente*, that he achieved the great ambition of his life and became Court poet at Vienna. The eighteenth century was the century of the courtier, and Metastasio was a genuine courtier, who did actually consider it the greatest privilege in life to be allowed to embrace the hand of his Imperial and Royal Sovereign.

Gallantry and servility are as sure signs of the degeneracy of the age as is the delight in heroic posing as a means of concealing its absolute lack of moral fibre. And all these elements are vital parts of Metastasio's melodramas. The heroic was, of course, beyond Metastasio's grasp. In his hands it becomes merely ridiculous. His heroes are bewigged Imperial and Royal Highnesses, anxious only to perform correctly the ceremony of acting virtuously, and acutely conscious of their heroic posing. It is not in "La Clemenza di Tito" or "Attilio Regolo," so much praised in his day, that we must look for Metastasio's best work, but in the "Didone," his first melodrama, written for and inspired by La Romanina, or in the "Olimpiade." Here the languorous, sentimental feeling of the eighteenth century is absolutely genuine—as genuine as in his famous "Ode to Nice." The innocent, idyllic artificiality of his world is best expressed in the work of a poet in whose hands words approach nearer to music than ever before or since:—

"E meraviglia, è amore,
E pentimento, è speme,
Son mille affetti insieme
Tutti raccolti al cor."

And Metastasio's ariettas went the round of Europe, the words blending with the music as no other words have ever done. Small wonder that his melodramas were set to music by master after master. He might have been born to embody the transference of Italian artistic supremacy from poetry to music.

Not the least interesting chapter in this book deals with Metastasio's critical opinions. It is true that he was defending his own art, which was condemned by critics because it could not be classified in one of the accepted categories, and that he had not the courage to publish them in his lifetime, but Sig. Russo proves conclusively that he had made considerable progress towards a vindication of the freedom of art from the old Procrustean rules.

L. C.-M.

Books in Brief.

A Book about the Bee. By HERBERT MACE. (Hutchinson. 4s. net.)

It would be interesting to inquire why people love bees and love to hear about them. It is not solely because of the honey that a beekeeper is fond of his stocks. It is a love without reciprocity, too; no return is given to our respect. We do not believe it is promoted, as some entomologists moralizers say, by our worship of so self-sacrificing and industrious a race as the honey-bee. The present writer has idled away many summer days watching his hives and wondering why the frantically and fanatically busy workers

did not take a lesson from him. In a city where the song of the bee—one of the most joyous sounds in nature—is never heard, we have been translated by Mr. Mace. In the pleasant company of his book we have had an excellent time watching the hives from swarming-time till winter. Mr. Mace's knowledge is sound, and he writes engagingly. His little book should rank high in the literature of the bee. Apparently he would not take this as a great compliment, as he is inclined to speak with something like contempt for some other workers in his field; but he no more than others has surpassed that fine essay in entomology, "The Lore of the Honey-Bee," by Mr. Tickner Edwards. A question is raised by Mr. Mace we have not met with elsewhere. The sole purpose of the queen and the drone is reproductive. Neither is adapted for any work apart from that. Mr. Mace asks how the complex adaptations of the worker for cell-building, pollen-gathering, and honey-storing descend from parents who have never done anything of the kind, having neither the organs nor the requisite amount of intelligence. It might be possible, as he says, to understand how, by the provision of special food, the ovaries of the queen are developed; but "it is quite another matter to understand how the withholding of such food can produce, for instance, the pollen-basket of the worker, which both the queen and the drone are destitute of. In a word, how are the working qualities of the neuters transmitted to an offspring they have no part in the production of?" Mention should be made of the fine photographs with which the volume is illustrated.

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The Elements of Social Science. By R. M. MACIVER. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

If we judged solely by the newspapers we should be inclined to throw up our hands in despair at the prospect of order ever emerging from the present social confusion. The lack of ability and principle in leadership reflects the lack of education and imagination in the masses. But the promise of a greater integration may lie in the present disturbance; there never was a time, despite the impression one gets from the Press, when more hard thinking was being done on politics, economics, and social theory. Mr. Maciver's contribution is among those of real value. In visioning society as a living unity, he examines, with a clarity which makes the study easy to those who have not given much thought to the subject, the nature and meaning of society, the stages of its development, the physical, social, and economic environments, and interests and associations. His chapter on the great law of social evolution is finely suggestive. He makes short work both of State worship and individualist worship. Individuality and sociality, if by nature divergent, are not by nature conflicting. They cannot exist or increase apart from one another. The one final value is personality: "Personality is the synthesis of sociality and individuality, and as it grows the forms of society evolve." Society represses itself in so far as it represses individuality: indeed, it is the lack of individuality in the members of society which accounts for its repressiveness. But, although the fact of association implies a common will to pursue a common interest, there will always be a clash of individualities regarding policies. Nevertheless, "the growth of the inner sense, the discovery within of the abiding sense of obligation and of good, instead of magnifying this conflict, diminishes it." Liberty is the condition of being ourselves; it can never be complete; but "what makes it possible is the unity of individuality and sociality, and what makes it real is the process of growth within that unity. Therefore it is more than the liberty of an association, of the State, for example. . . . If men realized that their institutions were only mechanisms to serve them, they would not regard it as profanity to improve them continually as they improve the physical mechanisms which serve their needs." Mr. Maciver sees that the only possibility of arriving at true democracy is through education. An autocracy is possible only when men are politically and socially uneducated, a democracy only where education prevails. "The general level of a community determines in

some way the relative height of its greatest achievements. . . . No people achieves greatness through its leaders unless it has some of the quality of greatness in itself."

* * *

A Lady Doctor in Bakhtiari-land. By ELIZABETH MACBEAN ROSS. (Parsons. 7s. 6d. net.)

DR. ROSS left her work in Persia at the outbreak of the war to take charge of a military hospital in Serbia, and was one of the gallant Scottish women who lost their lives there. This book she compiled before the war records her impressions of the Bakhtiaris, the powerful tribe who live among the mountains and valleys between Isfahan and Khuramabad. It is not an ambitious work; it has no fine writing; it consists of brief descriptions of the lives and customs, as she observed them, of this tribe, whose origin is a mystery. The Bakhtiaris have been variously stated to be Turks, Persians, Semites, and Kurds. They are ignorant of their own history, and, unlike other mountain people, are destitute of legends or traditions. Dr. Ross found that many can relate what happened in the days of their grandfathers or even great grandfathers, but all are totally unable to go any further back. For the most part, Dr. Ross's work was among the great ladies, wives, sisters, and mothers of the leading Khans. She disagrees with the saying that there can be no true marriage in the East because of the institution of polygamy. There is not much romance about the business, but she found that on the whole their marriages turn out very well. "Though violent attachments are rare, there is a great deal of affection between husbands and wives, the quality of which may be exemplified by the following remark made to me by a lady when I asked her if she loved her husband: 'Of course I do,' she replied, 'is he not my cousin?'" The women are the mainspring of everything good that is attempted and done in the country: "they have attained, without any effort on their part, a position and power which many of their Suffragist sisters in the West would envy. . . . The women are consulted on every possible occasion, political or otherwise, and their advice is generally very good and much to the point."

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A Memoir of Leslie Johnston. By EDWYN BEVAN. (Student Christian Movement. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS little book marks the grave of another of the many finely tempered and highly educated men whom our old Universities sent out to the war. Leslie Johnston was just the typical public-school and Oxford man, of the serious and religious caste. Except for a time at Marburg University in the study of German theology, his whole life was spent in Oxford or in her close proximity at Radley. It was also spent in close connection with the Anglican Church, whether as boy or Fellow of Magdalen and New. We can easily conjecture the result of such surroundings upon an industrious and clear-minded, though not particularly brilliant, youth, and we find what we expected. Here are the deep, spiritual seriousness and strong personal interest in religion, the love of decency and order, the clean living, the affectionate comradeship, and the unshaken faith in athletic contests. Show us any page from any one of the letters which largely compose the book, and we should at once say: "Oxford man, of the most characteristic type!" To us, the most interesting parts of the letters, as being the freshest, are those telling of his residence in Germany during 1909. He says the children looked so nice that one was sorry they should ever grow up in this place of morally and spiritually fat people. He thought the function of Germany in world economy was to provide healthy frames into which other nations might put some content worth containing. Alas! there are not many healthy frames now, no matter what their content may be. Later on, he wrote that he expected to have to fight the Germans some day, but thought we should be beaten. "Their civilization is barbarous barbarism, their learning a sin against nature, and their religion rank atheism, but as machines they are gorgeous and colossal." It was the typical Oxford man's judgment of a kind of people to whom Oxford is not accustomed. But typical of the Oxford man was also his death while he was out trying to save the wounded close in front of the German lines.

Charles Darwin. By LEONARD HUXLEY.
Robert Ingersoll. By CHARLES T. GORHAM.

(Watts. 3s. 6d. net each.)

A HISTORY of Darwin is inevitably the history of a science. There is little to record apart from the story of a patient and passionate search for facts and the explanation of a great theory. In this useful summary of Darwin's work Mr. Leonard Huxley does succeed in giving us a glimpse of the discoverer and thinker himself. He was fortunate enough in his boyhood to have known Darwin, and he sketches a pleasant picture of the household at Down, where life ran with "a quiet flow, smoothed by the genial air of personal courtesy and loyal interest." The "Life and Letters," T. H. Huxley's "Obituary," and the innumerable records left by contemporaries all give the same impression of Darwin's fineness of character. As his present biographer says, praise of his enormous achievement seemed never enough, but a warm and stirring personal note must always mingle with commemoration of the man. For the uninitiated no more lucid, brief exposition of Darwin's discoveries and their significance could be made than this by Mr. Huxley, who describes excellently the years of plodding, laborious research among minute details, the result of which made the year 1859 one of the most memorable in the history of thought. Robert Green Ingersoll brings us down from these heights. But he was a brave fighter in the cause of freeing the human mind from shackles. The present generation owe him a debt, and it is well they should be reminded of it in this well-constructed biography.

From the Publishers' Table.

WHILE the inaction in the world of bookselling remains, there are nevertheless some important publishers' announcements of an unexpected kind. Mr. Lane has in the press and almost ready a six-guinea volume by Mr. W. A. Propert, on "The Russian Ballet in Western Europe, 1909 to 1920"—a volume which contains many reproductions in color of original drawings by Bakst, Derain, Matisse, and others. The Oxford Press promise the first volume of Professor R. S. Troup's monumental work on "The Silviculture of Indian Trees"; as well as a volume of essays and reproductions, entitled "Court Painters of the Grand Moguls," by Mr. T. W. Arnold. Mr. Binyon contributes an essay to this work.

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THE Cambridge University Press announce Volume I. of the first part of "Alumni Cantabrigienses"—a work which will furnish a complete biographical list of all known students, graduates, and holders of office at Cambridge from the earliest times. The first part, in four volumes, will bring the list down to 1751. "Strange to say," observes the "Cambridge Bulletin," "the earliest reference to Cambridge scholars by name occurs in a list of poachers." Much of the material recorded has, of course, never before been published.

* * *

THE same press will shortly publish Mr. L. G. Wickham Legg's work, based on new material, "The Public Career and Correspondence of Matthew Prior"; the third and fourth volumes of Sir A. W. Ward's "Collected Papers," containing literary essays; and a second series of "Studies in Literature," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Messrs. Longmans announce for the 23rd the second volume of Archibald Thorburn's "British Mammals," the first having appeared in November last. A work of considerable interest in another direction is Mr. Roger Fry's lecture, "Some Architectural Heresies of a Painter," to be issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

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As to the apparent depression, it is interesting to learn from "Book-Post" (which has just celebrated its first birthday) that Australian booksellers are "selling more books than ever before" and that "new shops are being opened." The booksellers concerned claim that this is the fortunate result of "Buy a Book" advertisements in the Melbourne papers last winter, and have now invited publishers to contribute to a fund for a larger advertising campaign this Christmas.

"G. A. A." SENDS a note which will interest students of Lamb, identifying the song—

"An old woman clothed in grey
Whose daughter was charming and young,
And she was deluded away
By Roger's false, flattering tongue"

—which "put him upon scribbling his 'Rosamund,'" and which has escaped the researches of Mr. Lucas. "There it is at last, a single sheet, words and air (with flute accompaniment), No. 1747 of the Halliwell Collection of old broadsides, ballads, proclamations, &c., at Chetham's Library, Manchester."

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AMONG the additions of literary interest made in 1920 to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, and noted in the Report just published, was a lock of hair of John Keats. William Morris's first draft of "The Lovers of Gudrun" now joins seven other manuscripts of stories in "The Earthly Paradise" owned by the Museum. New Wordsworth relics include "a plum-colored Court suit, which was lent by Samuel Rogers to both Wordsworth and Tennyson when they were presented to Queen Victoria on their respective appointments to the Laureateship."

* * *

MANY booksellers' lists have been appearing recently. Mr. George Kirk, of Cleveland, Ohio, offers at \$20.00 "the finest set of the Newgate Calendar that has ever come into my hands." The poems of Clark Ashton Smith are scarcely known here, yet one of his first editions is priced by Mr. Kirk at \$6.00. He is said to be a sort of modern Chatterton. From Wellington Quay, Dublin, Mr. Townley Searle issues distinctive monthly catalogues: No. 22, illustrated after Alan Odle and others, includes a note on Conrad. The books are miscellaneous and often rare. No. 23 consists chiefly of Americana.

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MESSRS. BLACKWELL's one hundred and seventy-third catalogue is of the library of the late Dr. Macray, of Magdalen. His books are often richly annotated by him, and though not in the usual sense "rarities," they are uncommonly interesting and difficult to come by. Here we find the Auckland "Times" of April 6th, 1843, stated to have been "printed in a mangle." A collection of some three hundred Irish ballads, all printed at Cork before 1868, is offered at 35s., the first being "Shove around the Jug." Here, too, is "Killing Noe Murder," by Silas Titus, which, if legend may be trusted, "struck such a terror in the mind of Cromwell as to render the concluding part of his life miserable."

* * *

nothing showy is liked. Here is benevolence, very prominent—I should say you seldom pass a beggar or street sweeper without dropping a coin. Here's veneration, very high—I should say you are religious' (the head, perhaps, is worldly-minded and remains silent)—I don't say you're a Christian, mind, but you have a veneration for the Deity, that's sufficient for our system. Here's combativeness, very large—I should say you are not slow at revenging an insult, particularly if it be offered to a female: for the amorous propensities are large also. I should say you have a love for the fair sex, but not so as to make it troublesome. Aye, aye, sir, now I look again here's order very strong: sure enough I should say that things being put out of order displeases you very much. . . . I should say it's the most likely thing to create disturbances in your family. Here's form again, strong—I should say you are a painter, or that you have talents for painting, if applied. . . . Are you a poet, sir?—Yes.—Aye, aye, the system's right, but I should not venture so far as to decide upon that, as many heads develop poetry very strongly where it has never been applied. Well, sir, you see the system is correct.' He then in smiling silence waits your decision of his remarkable prophecy, and hard and earthlike is that soul who can return an harsh and unbelieving opinion on the system. But I believe he is seldom paid so unkindly for his good-natured trouble. His predictions are so cautiously uttered, with so many care's for the likelihood of failures in nice points, that even failings themselves strike one in his lectures as convictions. When he lectured on my head I could not help likening him to a boy (perhaps he had no existence but in my friend Reynolds's fancy, for it was he that told the story) who was so cautious as not to be out in anything; he was once asked whether the earth went round the sun or the sun round the earth. The boy said he believed they took it by turns, one going round one day and the other the next.—Deville then leads your eye to his collection, points out on particular heads the most convincing proofs of his system in the characteristics of murderers, poets, painters, mathematicians, and little actors of all work; where his *vice versa*'s become very frequent. He then takes you below where the apparatus is always ready to bury you in plaster if you choose, and of literary men and artists he politely hints that he should like a cast. They cannot do less than comply, and the satisfaction of adding fresh materials to his gallery doubly repays him for all his trouble."

A Hundred Years Ago.

1821: THE PHRENOLOGIST.

AMONG the sights of London a century since was the shop of Deville, who had taken casts of the "phrenological developments" of all the talents. We are indebted to an unpublished manuscript of John Clare's for some account of this well-known figure. "He is a kind, simple-hearted, good-humored man. Phrenology is with him something more than a System; it seems the life and soul of his speculations. He is never weary of talking about it or giving 'lectures on heads.' Strangers of all descriptions, poets, philosophers, mathematicians, and humble, unknown beings that with the world have no name, are all welcomed up his stairs and led to his matchless head-gallery, while he, with smiling politeness, satisfies every eager inquiry as readily as it is asked for. They have only to pull off their hats and drop half hints, and then the lecture on heads commences. He mostly begins with, 'Why, Sir, I should say here's order very strong—or *vice versa*, the want of it—here's plenty of constructiveness. I should say you're fond of mathematics; and here's ideality I should say—I should say that you had a talent for poetry. I don't say that you are a poet, but that you have a talent for it if applied. Here's the organ of color very strong; I should say you are very fond of fine colors—or *vice versa*—where there's the organ of form without color

Music.

"LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS."

THE six days' "retreat" conducted by Mr. Harold Samuel for the tranquil contemplation of Bach's preludes and fugues was a good preparation for the strenuous orgy of novelties provided during the week following by Mr. Eugène Goossens, M. Diaghilev, and Mr. Arthur Bliss. Mr. Goossens's orchestral concert of June 7th contained no actual first performances, but it was devoted exclusively to contemporary music, and "Le Sacre du Printemps," not having been heard in London since 1913, must certainly have been new to a large number of the audience. It was instructive to listen to it in the concert-room, without the distraction of the stage, and consider it in its relation to modern musical developments. It has been stated by some admirers to mark a turning-point in the history of music comparable only with the appearance of the Matthew Passion and the Choral Symphony. The comparison is not very apt, for the Passion marked no turning-point. It was performed in its own day as part of an ecclesiastical ceremony in a German provincial town, and had no influence whatever on the history of music until it was disinterred a hundred years later and given a wider publicity by the enthusiasm of Mendelssohn. It stimulated Mendelssohn to compose "St. Paul," and Wolf-Ferrari to compose "La Vita Nuova." The Choral Symphony certainly provoked a good deal of discussion when it was new, and stimulated Mendelssohn to compose the "Hymn of Praise."

Whether "Le Sacre du Printemps" is a greater work than the Matthew Passion or the Choral Symphony is one of those questions which it is waste of time to discuss. As regards public discussion and artistic influence there can be no doubt that "Le Sacre du Printemps" counts for very much more than either of the other two works. In the first place the age in which we live affords much more opportunity for the discussion and dissemination of any musical composition. "Le Sacre du Printemps" was performed in Paris and in London in 1913; it had all the available advantages of careful preparation and elaborate production. Secondly, the accident of the war cut off the supply of German music just at the moment when a great many people were beginning to feel tired of it. "Le Sacre du Printemps" was the representative work of new movements in music and of new movements which were forced into exaggerated prominence by political interests. As far as England, France, and Italy are concerned there is no living composer who has a more powerful influence on the younger musicians than Igor Stravinsky.

Stravinsky is not yet forty, and the time may come when he and the musical world in general will look back upon "Le Sacre du Printemps" much as Beethoven did on the *Septet*. Even among Mr. Goossens's audience there were some who regarded it as belonging to the past. There can have been few who found it utterly unintelligible, for we have all heard so much Stravinsky and imitation Stravinsky during the last few years that we can all more or less easily adapt ourselves to his point of view. Listening to Stravinsky is like wrestling with a new foreign language that is not based upon Latin or Greek. Strange words can be deciphered and memorized; what is baffling is a form of speech which entirely ignores those principles of syntax which we have been brought up to regard as logical and inevitable. Language is for us the instrument of thought, and so long as there is due respect paid to the form of argument, we are not unwilling to forgive a statement that is fallacious or even meaningless. Stravinsky ignores the traditional forms of language. He does not pretend to argue; he just makes noises at us. Some think them horrible, some find them fascinating. The musician trained in the classical school is perplexed and embarrassed by them. For years he has been trying to get beyond mere sounds. He has refused to wallow in the first sensuous physical delight of hearing; he has convinced himself that music lies not in the sounds themselves but in the relation between sounds. He knows that for centuries those relations have been ordered and regulated with an ever-increasing complexity and delicacy of adjustment; he has concentrated so much attention on the appreciation of these principles that he has often become indifferent to the actual facts of sound that reach his ear.

To enjoy Stravinsky one has to go back again to the beginning of one's musical experience and learn to take pleasure in the first physical impact of sound. It would be unjust to call it wallowing, for the real wallowers are the devotees of Scriabin, who wallow not so much in the physical pleasure of sound as in the emotional associations of its harmonic and theosophical symbolism. "Le Sacre du Printemps" accompanied a ballet with dances intended to represent an imaginary primitive rite, but there is no labelling of chords or phrases as the symbols of ideas. The music of Liszt, of Wagner, of Richard Strauss and Scriabin is all based upon this system of associated ideas, even when no definite *leitmotif* labels are tied on. And where Stravinsky is difficult to understand is not in those compositions where he completely masters his new ideas, but in those which have not altogether abandoned the associational methods.

When we see "Pétrouchka" on the stage, the action governs and explains the music. When "Pétrouchka" is played as a concert piece, it has no sense. If we have seen it danced we may be able to recall the stage at given moments. Without the stage a great deal of it is merely silly. It is the silliness of much of the later compositions that makes them so repulsive. Possibly their jokes are intelligible to people who have been brought up in a Russian nursery or have frequented certain social circles in Paris. If that is the

point of view which the listener is expected to take, it seems rather inappropriate—to use no harsher word—to perform them in London. But "Le Sacre du Printemps" has no silliness. It is a work of intense seriousness. At the first moment one may think it a collection of fierce noises. The fact that it still employs the normal instruments of the orchestra makes it hard to forget the normal associations of those instruments, the more so when one sits in the familiar Queen's Hall and sees the familiar faces of those who play them. But fortunately "Le Sacre du Printemps" is a long work. One has time to accustom oneself to its style, and since it has style, and consistency of style in a very high degree, it proceeds to explain itself as it goes along. Therein lies the historical value of "Le Sacre du Printemps." It is a work of achievement, not of transition.

It retains a link with the past in its melodic themes, no doubt derived mainly from primitive Russian sources, consciously or unconsciously, since they often recall Moussorgsky. They are in all cases slight and primitive in character, a bar or two long, not more. The main interest of the work lies in its rhythm and in its harmonic and orchestral color. There is some probability that it will now be given as a ballet by M. Diaghilev's company. If so, "Le Sacre du Printemps" will soon become a familiar work. We shall very possibly hear it at the Promenade Concerts too, and it will be amusing to see whether Stravinsky succeeds in beating the popularity of Scriabin. Yet, in spite of the fascination which Stravinsky has exercised upon the younger generation, it seems difficult to imagine "Le Sacre du Printemps" as the foundation-stone of a new century of music. It will have its imitators, no doubt, and we shall very soon hear that anybody can learn the trick of it. I prefer to think of it as a work standing by itself, with a strange delight and thrill of its own—a work which, like some of Berlioz's, will be but seldom performed, and will always stand somewhat outside the main stream of music. We shall hear it occasionally, and be reminded of things which we ought not to forget, even if we do not remember them continuously.

EDWARD J. DENT.

The Drama.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S AMUSE.

EVERYONE knows the Galsworthy who wrote those fine tragedies "Strife" and "Justice," but not so many remember the Galsworthy who wrote that delicious little piece of foolery, "Foundations." Watching "A Family Man" at the Comedy, one felt that the two Galsworthies had been mixed to make it, and that the mixture was dangerous. It was like a fizzing, compound drink, which must be tossed off at once and not kept to reflect upon or brood over. It was not quite clear how we ought to look at that disgraceful provincial *paterfamilias* John Builder. Were we asked to take his embroilment with his free and independent grown-up daughters and his oppression of his wife as a study of modern difficulties in supporting the family bond? Or were we expected to chuckle heartily at the very incorrigibility of the old rascal, to applaud him as we do Mr. Punch for his plucky consistency in crime? For a being of flesh and blood, John Builder is a trifle too superlative a Turk, while for a puppet of dramatic fantasy he cries out with a pain that is too human. We are kept fidgeting between the two views of him.

Assume that he is meant for a naturalistic study and you must lop off some of his *panache*. Even in the town of Beccridge people do not make quite such asses of themselves; even town councillors have more fear of the local "Gazette." Make this fair discount and you will begin to wonder whether Builder was so grim a despot of the hearthrug after all. Those oppressed daughters of his couldn't open their mouths without having five-pound notes (as it were) stuffed into them. When he told the elder runaway that she must marry the man in

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Yet, strangely enough, to a certain extent this delusion exists in England to-day. For the impression seems to hold that the good things and the necessities of life will eventually fall like manna from the clouds. And all that is needed is to maintain a spirit of inertia until these phenomena appear.

But the millennium so speciously promised by our politicians, which is the foundation of this strange belief, is fast disappearing behind a gloomy horizon. And with it must disappear the prevailing policy of giving the minimum of work for the maximum of pay.

It is this policy of offering a minimum and extracting a maximum which is the gnawing cancer in the breast of England. It is not only immoral, it is destructive and unsound. Nor is it fair to blame labour for having adopted these false principles, when before their eyes is the example of a Government which extracts the last farthing in excessive taxation and squanders the proceeds on the most ineffective, incompetent, extravagant, lazy, profligate and parasitical Bureaucracy the world has ever seen. A pitiful minimum in return for a cruel maximum.

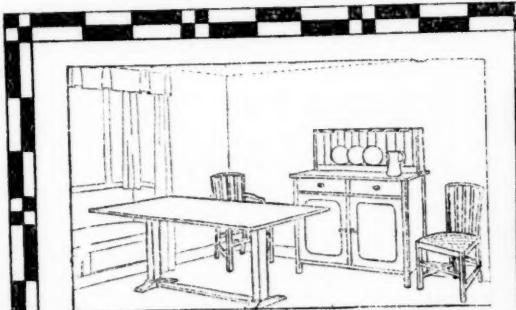
So between the pincers of labour and taxation the life-blood of industry is being squeezed dry.

If this country is to be saved from the bankruptcy which threatens Europe, we must all work, and work hard, whether we like it or not. England must be a home for Trojans, not for Neros.

There must be no more false promises, and unless a ruthless economy is practised we must present our Ministers with portmanteaus instead of portfolios. The world may still appear rosy viewed from the Chequers, but it has a very different aspect in the Exchequers.

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whose studio she was living, he only asked her to do what the man himself begged her daily on his knees to do. When he told the younger rebel on no account to go on the movies, he gave her what (after seeing her rehearse) we all felt to be the right advice. Also the adroit *ju-jitsu* she applied to his toe when he shook her disproved the theory that he can ever have had the better of any tussle with her. Lastly, if his good wife really looked at him with that patient, pained expression for twenty years, he might fairly plead that to kiss the French maid once and then push her out of the room was a venial retaliation. Why, we may ask, in any case, did Mrs. Builder come home so meekly to her seat in the chimney corner after the singularly unconvincing court scene in the Mayor's study, in which Builder was publicly disgraced for beating his daughter and blacking the eye of the constable who came to her rescue? (As if this lapse on the part of a magistrate would ever get as far as the charge-sheet—at Beconridge!) Mrs. Builder can only have been so subdued (even to the forgetting of the French maid) by her husband's grit in facing exposure and misfortune. Would it have taken her twenty years, then, to discover that she adored this magnificent, hot-blooded brute?

It is more satisfying really to fall back on the Punch-and-Judy theory and enjoy the thing as the gorgeous intellectual farce that it really is. The conventionality of the types is warrant for this: it is as though a master touched up a crude inn sign-board in an idle hour. Just when our beginners are learning to do Frenchwomen who are really French, Miss Auriol Lee is sent on, with little frilled apron and shrugs and stabbing glances, as the very archetype of all the stage-French chambermaids that ever have been seen: very fascinating she makes it, and very fascinating Mr. Galsworthy, laughing up his sleeve, must have known it would be. Next comes our old friend the provincial Mayor; if Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Laurence Hanray between them cannot polish up his venerable humors into a sparkle, who can? A provincial *comédie des mœurs* must, of course, have its Audrey, so here is Miss Olive Walter to charm us with the blushing *naïveté* of the rural serving-wench. (We must confess, though, that some of the jests of which she is the mouthpiece and topic show a phase of the general post-war psychosis from which we should have thought Mr. Galsworthy at least would be free.) These are but a few of the ingredients, parts and players, which make the whole affair so delightful: we ought to mention too Miss Agatha Kentish's frank and joyous "flapper"—the insurgent daughter with the "film-face"—and the grave beauty with which Miss Mary Barton cloaks the hollowness of the tragic wife's secret. Of the rabbit-like journalist (even when well acted), with his note-book and his air of pasty-faced imbecility, we are frankly rather weary. He should have been buried with Dubedat, at whose deathbed he first took the boards. Mr. McKinnel himself, perhaps, is more to be praised this time as producer than actor, for he cannot find it very hard or subtle work to fume and storm his way through John Builder. His production is admirable for its briskness and its harmony. The scenic interiors are most agreeably toned, and the name of Miss Gray (of Brook Street), who designs the dresses, is one we would gladly see on more programmes. It might save some constant playgoers from early blue glasses.

D. L. M.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Mansard Gallery: London Salon of the Allied Artists' Association.

THE no-jury exhibition of the Allied Artists' Association is much diminished in bulk since the days when it occupied vast floor space at the Albert Hall. It is now confined to the Mansard Gallery, which can accommodate, at most, some three hundred pictures of small size. This means that

hundreds of exhibitors have fallen away, but it does not necessarily mean that the Association or the exhibition has suffered any serious bereavement. For, in the first place, it must be remembered that the majority of the members who no longer pay their subscriptions are almost certainly the middle-aged incompetents or mediocrities who had joined in the hope of demonstrating that their failure to attract attention was entirely the fault of foolish, prejudiced, and unscrupulous juries, and, in the second, that mere diminution in the size of the exhibits need not alter their essential character or change the function of the Association, which exists now, as formerly, for the sole purpose of introducing unknown artists of originality or promise, if any such can be induced to come forward and take advantage of the facilities offered. The Association has, in fact, served its purpose again and again, for many a painter who is now a truculent member of some watertight minor "group" found his first opportunity and secured his first admirers at the great picture fairs in the Albert Hall.

There is good reason to suppose that we are likely to hear more of one or two of the newcomers in the present exhibition. On the whole, we are inclined to think that Mr. Cedric Morris is the most promising *débutant* (if the use of the word is permissible in the case of an artist who has exhibited once or twice before in the London Salon). His three landscapes are incomplete and unconvincing, but they are, in a very high degree, promising, because the artist has, in each case, approached a most difficult problem of his own selection, and approached it with courage, warmth, and energy. Only a very experienced and brilliant painter could have carried these pictures to complete success, but only a painter who was out for major conquests would have attempted them at all. We believe that the moral qualities revealed by these attempts, and the appreciation of the nature of oil paint (a gift from the gods which cannot be acquired) which they exhibit, are reasonable evidence that Mr. Morris will soon be reckoned among the artists who count. Mr. E. Yarrow Jones (whose work we do not remember to have seen before) is another newcomer who attracts attention. His exhibits are crude and haphazard, but, in a queer, startling way, they "come off" and convey the impression desired. We are not as sanguine about this artist's future development as about that of Mr. Morris, because Mr. Jones's present methods are unsound and of a kind which have led many a man to stagnation in the backwaters of mannerism. But with his ability to analyze and translate sensation he may be able to steer a course up the difficult and dangerous main stream. Mr. Gabriel Atkin is the third junior who attracted us. His "Interior" is poor in quality, tentative, cold, and gloomy, but it is a well-organized picture and reveals a painter of sensibility with enough personality to contribute something towards the aesthetic attitude of the moment in return for that which he borrows from it. This is, of course, just what the real minor artist cannot do. Miss Edith Terry's landscapes, for example, reflect an attitude revealed to our age by Van Gogh and transmitted to this lady by some such artist as Sir C. J. Holmes. Miss Terry's pictures strike us as agreeable at first glance, because we, too, are in sympathy with the Van Gogh attitude. But they contribute little in themselves—no more indeed than the adjacent pictures of Miss Frances Tysoe-Smith, who evidently learnt to paint when quite other attitudes to landscape and aesthetics were in vogue.

Of the established reputations there is little to be said. Mr. Charles Ginner's "Waterloo Bridge" is executed in his now familiar formula. Mr. Ginner uses oil paint as if it were some sort of flat-drying gouache, and he restricts his color as if he were continually considering the limitations of color reproduction. The foreground, moreover, in this particular picture is so small and poor in form that it fails to convey a sense of proximity, and the more distant objects are without definite location in consequence. A fault of this kind is of no importance in a drawing, such as that reproduced on the invitation card of the exhibition, where we see Mr. Ginner at his best (which is, of course, very good indeed), but it is most disconcerting in a large oil-painting. Mr. Alfred Wolmark's "Two Heads" is one of those tiresome pictures which nearly, but not quite, succeed. This artist shows signs of being near the end of the wood where an obsession with color has kept him captive for some years. When he

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British Weekly. I regret that they have been published. J. Middleton Murry in *The Nation*.

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emerges into the outer world again he will, we trust, be able to give us such a picture as "Two Heads" unspoiled by arbitrary patches of unadulterated ultramarine. Mr. Alexander Jamieson's "Bacchus: a Statue at Fontainebleau," recalls closely a famous work by Constable in the National Gallery. We prefer the Constable.

R. H. W.

Forthcoming Meetings.

Mon. 20. Geographical Society, 8.30.—"The Egyptian Wilderness," Dr. W. F. Hume.

Tues. 21. Parents' National Educational Union (Mortimer Hall, 93, Mortimer Street, W.), 3.15 and 8.30.—Conference on "Knowledge the Basis of National Strength."

Statistical Society (Surveyors' Institution, 12, Great George Street, S.W.), 5.15.—"Women's Minimum Wages," Mrs. W. J. Barton.

Anthropological Institute, 8.15.

Wed. 22. Parents' National Educational Union (Mortimer Hall), 10.30 a.m. and 2.45 p.m.—Conference (Second Day).

School of Oriental Studies (Finsbury Circus), noon.—"Egypt and the Sudan," Miss A. Werner.

Geological Society, 5.30.—"The Norite of Sierra Leone," Mr. Frank Dixey; "The Jurassic of New Zealand," Dr. C. T. Trechmann and Mr. F. L. Spath.

Thurs. 23. Parents' National Educational Union (Mortimer Hall), 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.—Conference (Third Day).

Royal Society, 4.30.—"A Study of Catalytic Actions at Solid Surfaces," Part VI., Messrs. E. F. Armstrong and T. P. Hilditch; and five other Papers.

University College, 5.—"Customary Slavery," Lecture II., Prof. J. E. G. de Montmorency.

Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.

Institut Français (3, Cromwell Gardens, S.W. 7), 9.15.—"Les Jeunes Poètes Français," M. Valery Larbaud.

Fri. 24. King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Czechoslovak Literature," Lecture III., Dr. F. Chudoba.

University College, 5.30.—"Oceanography, with Special Reference to the British Seas," Lecture II., Prof. H. N. Dickson.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Bibliographies of Modern Authors. 1. Robert Bridges. 8 pp.—2. John Masefield. 12 pp. 7½x5½. Chaundy, 40, Maddox Street, W. 1, 1/6 n. each.

PHILOSOPHY.

Franzoni (François). La Pensée de Nicolas Machiavel. 7½x4½. 334 pp. Paris, Payot, 12 fr.

Mentre (François). Espèces et Variétés d'Intelligences: Éléments de Nologie. 9x5½. 286 pp. Paris, Bossard, 12 fr.

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